WOMEN AND SOLDIERS

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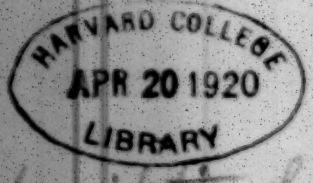

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CHAPTER I

FRETTING AT THE BIT

The wonder of womanhood—Charing Cross in war—A huge metamorphosis—The "idle rich"—Six million volunteers—Eighteen thousand beds—Female housebuilders from A to Z—Winter snows and summer suns—Woman 365 days ahead—What she did for Tommy's cooking—A boiling pot of horror.

MEN are dear delightful people; but they don't always see very far ahead.

Women are really pretty go-ahead creatures on the whole, especially in war time, and fretted at the bit held for months and months (now years) so tightly on the curb by Lord Kitchener, Mr. Lloyd George, the Food Controllers, and a host more.

However, let us be thankful for the mercies that have been so graciously and tardily vouchsafed to us women as a sex.

Women—soldiers. Yes. Men have become fighters, and women have become soldiers. We may fairly juxtapose them; for where would the fighters have been these well-nigh four years past but for the women soldiers?

Not only did women, to start with, give them birth—and that is an achievement outside man's power (worse luck)—but hearten and spur them on to work from the moment war broke out. There was no shrinking. The boys whose rearing had cost these women long years of toil and anxiety, and who had just reached the age for

repayment by comradeship and sympathy for such labour, were yielded up with a heart-pang and a face-smile. And having thus surrendered their own blood to the country, the women turned to see what could be done at home in the same cause with female brain and body.

"Nothing," said the public voice. "Woman has her sphere; let her stick to that limited terrain." Yet, all the same, women ceased going to tea-parties and buying new hats, and boldly stepped into men's shoes, and did not find them pinch.

Women as non-combatant soldiers? Ridiculous, said the great Lord Kitchener to the writer in 1914—though, had he been spared to a grateful nation, so great a man would surely have recognized the magnificent work done by women. Three years later, however, wideawake General Sir Nevill Macready—but we shall come to the Woman's Army in due course. And who knows but that before long we may have to have women fighters too?

Women on public war committees, as munition makers, army chauffeurs, and so forth? Absurd, cried a chorus of wiseacres. Yet here again mere men blundered. For, in a word, the war has literally metamorphosed everything and everybody.

To-day every man is a soldier, and every woman is a man. Well, no—not quite; but, speaking roughly, war has turned the world upside down; and the upshot of the topsy-turvydom is that the world has discovered women, and women have found themselves. And a new world has been created.

In early war days some one suggested women army-cooks.

"Oh, nonsense," replied the Army. "How could any woman cook for hundreds? She can barely cook one leg of mutton, let alone fifty."

And so the waste of good food and badly-cooked rations went on for months and months, and we taxpayers paid the bills, and poor Tommy's tummy suffered the pains. *But* one fine day the Army rebelled, and the Army also had to be increased, and so humble Mrs. Cook who had been scorned and spurned was called forth, when lo! down went the bills, and up went the quality of the cooking. Tommy's tummy was at ease, and Tommy's temper improved. Saving enormous—in waste and curses.

Woman cooks did it.

The metamorphosis evolved gradually as the bellicose atmosphere thickened, and Britain's quasi-realization of the war merged into a mighty resolve to put it through at all costs, by the work of all classes and both sexes. At length it became drastic and embracing enough to alter not only the heart of things, but their outward, long-persistent aspect. And no one—not even Cabinet Ministers or Brass Hats—must mind being chaffed over the process of evolution.

To realize the change, let us take a passing peep at a familiar corner of our everyday London—that which lies under the shadow of Charing Cross Station.

Where are the green gardens that lined the riverside?

They are gone, submerged by a mushroom growth of drab Government hutments, a veritable village within whose wooden walls, or in majestic hotels near by, are toiling a hive of tens of thousands of women clerks. And if the hive, that has trampled out familiar features, works unseen through the day, wait till evening comes. Then these, with a dozen still greater Government-office hives, empty their busy bees into the streets. Converging upon the Underground station, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square,

Northumberland Avenue, or the Strand, are, with their dense, quick-moving throngs of women, like rivers in spate. These are the war workers from Admiralty, War Office, Munitions Department, Food, Education, Forestry, Board of Trade, and so forth. Thousands, tens of thousands of women of all ages and styles there are, so that one hustles into post-women, window-cleaning women, and brain workers of a dozen species, mingling along pavements flanked by a posse of women road-sweepers put on to get rid of the snow of tram and train tickets.

Up to 1914 heaps of them had been at school or college; at golf, tennis, or in the hunting-field. The war cloud came, thickened into an inky black nimbus—and lo! the schoolgirls were wage-earning women, the airy suburban tennis-players strenuous, desk-chained clerks. And even before the poorer classes had become super wage-earners, the richer classes were quickly toiling all unpaid in hospitals and canteens. Just as the sons of great families were the first to go to France, so the daughters, aye, and the mothers and grandmothers of great families, were the first to work with brain and hands for Great Britain's glory. How those who derided the *idle rich* must feel ashamed of their unjust, heartless aphorisms!

A metamorphosis indeed—with implications. For it means that the nation, in getting a grip of its job, has also grasped the value of women as an asset for the same. Countless other districts, too, not merely in London, but in every big town—even in new-built towns compact of workshops and factories—were soon putting brain and muscle and sweat of brow into the Great Endeavour.

As this converging throng surges into the stations, moreover, it will receive tickets from a blue-uniformed woman, and be passed on to the platform by another

woman, and the railway porter will also be a female with badges and belts. If any chance male item of the crowd step into tram or bus, he will still be under petticoat rule; a female conductor will punch his ticket, while many occupants of the seats are khaki-clad girls on business bent, or splendid, silver-buttoned police-women. Should he head for the country he will find brawny women hauling luggage up his terminus platform; while from the train windows he will presently view women harvesting, fruit-picking, turnip-hoeing, ploughing with great traction motors, cutting trees, milking cows, driving cattle to market, doing in fact the field toil of the season.

"Ye gods!" the travelling male might exclaim, were this his first view of the new Britain, "the women have eliminated us. We shall soon be as extinct as the dodo."

But jostling the women at the great London stations are five thousand men home on leave, and another five thousand going back from leave every day to action. Out of that six million *colunteer* army raised in a few months in this extraordinary land of contradiction of ours, eighteen thousand hearty men can sleep in our metropolis every night in the cosy new beds put up by the Y.M.C.A., Church Army, Salvation Army, the Catholics, etc., while hospitals hold many thousands more of the sick, to say nothing of further thousands always up and down on leave.

And let it be whispered gently, those ten thousand well-men who cross the Channel daily and those tens of thousands of fighting men, or ill-men, are all being ministered to by mere women.

Supposing you wanted to build a house, which you can't during the war, as practically no private building is allowed:—

Your bricks would be made by women.

Your doors and windows and woodwork generally would be made by women.

Your electric light fittings and locks would be moulded by women.

Your chairs and tables would be made by women.

Your metal beds would be welded by women.

Your windows would be cleaned by women.

Your coal would be delivered by women.

Your garden would be laid out by women.

Your potatoes would be planted by women.

Your land would be ploughed by women.

Your hay and wheat would be reaped by women.

Your motor-car would be driven by a woman.

Your letters, papers, milk and food would all be brought by women, and almost all of them in uniform.

In fact, your home would be built and run from A to Z by the very sex you grew up imagining incapable of doing anything but amusing you.

Oh, you dear men, how short-sighted you were!

Yet every woman who went into munitions or brick-making set a man free to be a soldier. So over two million extra fighting soldiers were sent to the front by the willing substitution of women themselves. They offered to work, while some miserable men had to be thrown out of "cushy" jobs by forcible means.

Then, again, women carried on their husbands' businesses, learnt to shave, disjoint meat, and many other jobs. Ladies of means did anything and everything. One found her greengrocer ill and in need of an operation. The husband was serving; the woman could not go to the hospital and leave the shop. The lady customer stepped in, saying—

"I'll come for two or three days to learn your

business, and then I'll run the greengrocery for you while you are away."

She did, and in ten weeks had worked the business up above its normal level.

Nevertheless, one sometimes feels it was the greatest mistake ever to have been born, and that we ought to apologize humbly to our children for ever bringing them into this world of war-stricken woe at all. And yet—think of this beautiful world emptied of humanity, dead as our lifeless, airless, waterless moon.

Among women have been some of the greatest organizers on earth; but it has taken a world war to make men realize that simple little fact. Among women have been some of the most far-seeing brains of the country, the most patriotic souls and most enthusiastic workers; but it has taken a Kaiser to teach British men the fact. Among women have been the most unselfish ministering angels of firm-set purpose and high ideals; but it has taken German shells to teach men this fact also.

Women are wonderful. They always have been; but men are just beginning to realize the truth, and to cease to be jealous of their doings, aye, even to go so far as to applaud them. The change of attitude has been as complete as the passing from winter snows to summer suns.

* * * * *

Women have a way of seeing just 365 days ahead of the ordinary man. They jump at conclusions, men say. Well, perhaps they do. They come to the conclusions, anyway, in a rapid stride, while those dear kind men crawl there on two sticks.

One of the cleverest men of the day once said—

"I always ask my wife's advice in a difficulty,

pooh-pooh what she says, and while I am doing so I make up my mind to act on her suggestion."

"Do you tell her so?"

"Oh no—that would spoil her. I just let her find it out."

Oh, ye men, how little you have encouraged or understood your best friend—woman!

Abnormal times develop abnormal minds. Some of the female sex have got unhinged or a little off the balance, but only a small percentage. The others—the great vast "others," both men and women—have risen above themselves, and it is hard to say whether the men or the women were the finer in the first fifteen hundred days of war.

War is a boiling-pot of horror—a cauldron, under present conditions, of underground, undersea, and upper air devilments—out of which bubbles every conceivable good. Love, kindness, sympathy, daring, pluck, religion, everything in fact, while only a little dirty mud settles at the bottom of the pan.

Great Britain found herself, thanks to William and his Guard.

CHAPTER II

A WOMAN'S ARMY—"NO WOMAN NEED APPLY"

A double baulk—Offer to Lord Kitchener—"Women not wanted"—Escape from Brussels—A woman's inspiration—Frontal attack on Minister of Munitions—At last a Woman's Army—Huge employment of soldier-women—A new language: speech by alphabet—The "matinée lady"—The brainy woman *v.* "flopping flappers"—Good looks handicapped—"Unintentional glad-eye"—"Tempestuous frills"—Heavy going at Arsenal—Munition inferno—Scientific work—Value of apprenticeship—England one vast shop—Danger of overstrain—Bad treatment and jealousy—Navy and Army run by women—Co-operation for the sexes—Munition girls shame strikers—Age doesn't govern capacity—"A wobbly worry"—"My Lady the Chauffeuse"—A Woman's Battalion.

IS it a cause for blame or praise to have been twice baulked? Aye, and badly turned down, too, until one crawled away almost crushed and broken, only to find months later that one's private little suggestions to the great powers had been re-born, gently matured, and allowed to toddle along to sturdy public growth and brilliant success.

The following offer was made to Lord Kitchener a few weeks after war began.

The writer would enlist one hundred women, largely from her friends. They could muster at her house in Regent's Park, which should be an office, and where she could act as Hon. Sec.; and if Lord Kitchener would lend a sergeant two or three times a week for an hour, we would drill under him, and then drill ourselves

so as to get fit for *work of any kind*. Start in some sort of plain clothing, and in a month or so each woman should be competent to train another hundred women. That we should then be ready to be drafted anywhere and into anything, such as munitions or factories, on the land, or any place where women could relieve men, and be put into khaki if necessary. As Queen's College, Bedford College, and University College were all near by, one hoped they would co-operate. The women's services would be voluntary, anyway at first, until we saw how the thing worked, and in time the idea might spread all over the country, and we should found a *Women's Army*. One only wishes one had gone on, but it seemed bad taste to do so in face of such high authority.

Such was the gist of the scheme. Two or three letters passed, but by October, 1914, Lord Kitchener had definitely stated, "Women's work will not be wanted." Our men must fight and our women must knit.

Baulk No. 1. But three years and nine months later a quarter of a million women were required for filling men's jobs in France.

It is almost as bad to be too soon as too late.

* * * * *

So short was the country of munitions and guns in the early war days that our first divisions of the New Army, which went to France in July, 1915, started training without either. And yet the famous 15th Division won glory at Loos.

In November, 1914, my younger son got away from Brussels, where he and a small party, the *No. 1 Unit of the British Red Cross*, had been German prisoners from August 18, 1914, about whom nothing whatever was known in this country for nine terrible, long weeks. Later, on his return to England by Denmark, Sweden,

and Norway, he joined the R.F.A. (killed near Loos, January, 1916), and by Christmas, 1914, was writing imploringly from Salisbury Plain to ask what could be done in the matter of getting both guns and shells. In his battery they were learning their work on wooden dummy guns, later superseded by old French cannon dated 1870.*

And these boys, trained by the old "Contemptible little Army" that stood between Prussia and Paris—and after Paris, England and the Americas—were the stuff that seven months later did so splendidly in the firing line in France, July, 1915.

Thus it was, through a son's letter, the inspiration came to this mere woman that if our new army was so unprepared with essential munitions, the women must come in and help.

How was this to be done? One felt that women could help. Women *must* help—but how?

In the spring of 1915 the Ministry of Munitions was founded by a brilliant stroke on the part of Mr. Lloyd

* On a case of little souvenirs from Belgium exhibited at the *International War Exhibition* (Burlington House, Room IV.), in the name of the late *2nd Lieut. Leslie Kinloch Tweedie*, was the following slip:—

Red Cross.—The No. 1 British Red Cross Unit left London twelve days after declaration of war, August 16, 1914. There were ten doctors, ten dressers, and one hundred nurses. They were to go to Namur, but were detained in Brussels, which town half a million fully and newly equipped Germans entered two days later. This British Brassard (No. 44) was stamped again by the Belgians, and then by the Germans, all in one week. That did not protect the wearers, however, as two of the leading Red Cross medicos were taken as prisoners to Ruhleben. The first two British prisoners in the war—their capture being a crime against the laws of war. The others worked for the Germans in Brussels for nine weeks unceasingly, unpaid and unfed and constantly insulted as "spies," even to being stripped and searched. Suddenly they were sent off in third-class railway carriages under armed escort for five days and five nights to Copenhagen.

George, and was moving into Whitehall Gardens. After much thought the writer bombarded the Ministry: saw Mr. Lloyd George, Dr. Addison, Mr. Cecil Beck, M.P., Mr. Wolff, Commander Wedgwood, M.P.—some of them several times. They ridiculed the idea of women doing munitions at all. They insisted that the work was too heavy for them—impossible in fact.

Then—with the heads of the Y.M.C.A. (Mr. Yapp—now Sir Arthur—Mr. Virgo, Mr. McCann) and a famous engineer, Mr. Fletcher Toomer—we went in a body to the Vickers establishment at Erith, only to be told that women could never be utilized for big lathes and heavy work, that they already had a handful of girls on the lighter jobs, so would not want any more for munition making. But still undaunted, I arranged with the Y.M.C.A. that they should grant me the loan of their lathes in their headquarters at Tottenham Court Road (the men being nearly all away), and also an enormous brewery at Westminster they had just acquired, where we could put up more lathes. Moreover, I saw the head of the Government Machine Department. He promised help, by sending old machines for learning on, while I guaranteed the arranging and training of the first hundred women, who in their turn should go to other centres, especially to the depleted Y.M.C.A.s (not then put to other uses), and train other beginners. For six weeks I hammered away; then again saw the head of the Machine Department, and got my first enthusiastic pupils.

But no, "Women cannot make munitions and handle large lathes; women will not be wanted," was the incessant reply. It ended in April, 1915, by the scheme being definitely turned down. However, two staunch girl friends stuck at it, and were in the first batch of ten ladies

to be trained, months later, at Woolwich to take the place of men as forewomen, and another was among the first at Hayes.

For me Baulk No. 2, for one did not wish to act against the Ministry of Munitions.

* * * * *

So much for two resolute attempts to induce Authority to recognize the existence of that priceless potential asset to the State, an army of women workers ready and eager for any employment. Thank Heaven other women, later, went ahead—without waiting for permission—and nobly succeeded. To them all honour.

The country's rulers did somehow at last stumble upon enlightenment, awake to the fact that they *did* want women's help. They must have wanted it rather badly, for on October 16, 1916, appeared the interesting announcement beginning:—

"The Ministry of Munitions is prepared to receive applications from women of all classes wishing to be trained as munition workers at the centres which the Ministry has established by arrangement with educational authorities in various parts of the kingdom."

It was interesting, but a trifling startling, to know that women were now wanted in quantities—a few hundreds had already dribbled in—for it was made fully sixteen months after the writer had, as seen, volunteered to initiate the very same training of women. Strange, indeed, that the authorities, after solemnly reiterating their *non possumus* to every such modest suggestion, should so many months later be undertaking the job themselves.

Again, in January, 1917 (published December 25, 1916), the *English Review* printed an article by the still determined writer, called, hesitatingly and for the first time, "The Women's Army," which opened as follows:—

"An army of a million is something to be reckoned with in war. It is a fifth of the new volunteer British Army, gathered from all corners of our possessions.

"To-day there is a New Women's Army of a million more souls, all helping to win the war, so that Europe may cease for centuries to be a munition factory or a human butcher's shop." Many suggestions followed.

The Women's Army was partly formed; and nine months later came the Government call for 10,000 women to form a Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. So the W.A.A.C.s, as they are called, came into being—and the long-suggested Women's Army was at last a complete and accomplished fact. All honour to it.

A mighty host that army is, for a Board of Trade return, for September, 1917, gave the number of *extra* women workers who had come into industry and commerce, excluding agricultural labourers, domestics, and many other classes, as already a million and a quarter. The largest share of female labour was absorbed by munitions, which department employed at the end of three war years a million soldier-women. Municipal trams also took 10,000, the Admiralty 3000 (which before the war had employed no women), the Air Board and similar offices 30,000, Agriculture 84,000. The War Office employed 40,000 to 50,000 women in this country, with many thousands in France also, in every kind of capacity—from clerk or driver-mechanic to store-keeper or gardener. As to the Red Cross nurses and V.A.D.s, their inestimable work in thousands upon thousands is already part of history. Women were working, moreover, at stranger, more unconventional jobs. On Tyneside they were to be seen at the fires doing tool fettling, at the power hammer, and other blacksmith's work. They unloaded trucks, weighed material in sulphur and

copper works; moulded and turned timber in the yards, worked at cordite presses in gunpowder factories, did acetylene welding for aeroplanes, felled trees, and so on and so forth. There was little in the whole field of labour to which woman did not turn her hand.

We started with V.A.D.s (Voluntary Aid Detachment), a form of alphabetical nomenclature used for the first time, though later the letters of the alphabet took the place of whole sentences, until one's brain whirled in trying to remember what all the jostled letters stood for.

Just to peep at a few of the puzzles :—

A.D.C.	Aide-de-Camp.
A.S.C.	Army Service Corps.
A.S.E.	Amalgamated Society of Engineers.
B.E.O.	British Empire Order.
C.O.	Conscientious Objector (should be B.F., Blue Funker !).
D.C.M.	Distinguished Conduct Medal.
D.S.O.	Distinguished Service Order.
D.O.R.A.	Defence of the Realm Act.
G.H.Q.	General Headquarters.
K.O.S.B.	King's Own Scottish Borderers.
K.R.R.	King's Royal Rifle Corps (formerly 60th Rifles).
L.C.C.	London County Council.
M.C.	Military Cross.
M.T.	Mechanical Transport.
N.C.O.	Non-Commissioned Officer.
O.M.	Order of Merit.
P.C.	Privy Councillor, or Police Constable (both honours being given to elderly gentlemen, difficult to differentiate).
P.R.	Proportional Representation (formerly Prize Ring).

Q.M.G.	Quartermaster-General's Department.
Q.R.W.S.	Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment (the old "2nd Queen's").
R.A.	Royal Artillery, or Royal Academician.
R.A.M.C.	Royal Army Medical Corps.
R.F.A.	Royal Field Artillery.
R.F.C.	Royal Flying Corps.
R.G.A.	Royal Garrison Artillery.
R.H.A.	Royal Horse Artillery.
R.M.	Resident Magistrate (Ireland).
R.N.A.S.	Royal Naval Air Service.
R.N.R.	Royal Naval Reserve.
S.O.S.	"Save our souls." Also "Save or Starve."
V.A.D.	Volunteer Aid Detachment.
V.C.	Victoria Cross.
V.D.	Veterinary Department.
W.A.A.C.	Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.
"Wrens."	Women's Royal Naval Service.
Y.M.C.A.	Young Men's Christian Association.
Y.W.C.A.	Young Women's Christian Association.

Then women clerks from fourteen to forty—nay, to sixty—tumbled over one another in all the Government departments. But the women of brains, method, organization, and power were all underpaid, and the incompetent, flopping flappers of fourteen or so were equally overpaid. For, knowing nothing at all, they were earning 30*s.* a week, while the others, who knew everything, rarely touched a 40*s.* salary.

Every young man, on leaving school in normal days, knew that he must earn his living; he looked forward to the day when he would have a little home, a little wife, and a little family. But every young woman knew that

she was almost certain never to earn an income that would give her any house of her own. Such an earning represented a rare salary for a woman, and most women workers lived their whole lives in one room, and many of them starved, and will starve again, on buns and tea. Men cashiers at bank-counters earned from £300 to £400 a year, but the women who came on to release them for soldiering rarely exceeded £100 a year for the same job.

A girl started with one clerk in a Government office; after three years she had seventy or eighty under her, and she then received 40*s.* a week for all her work and anxiety. Another woman in another Government office took the place of a man who had had a salary of £200 a year; after two years she received 30*s.* a week. Yet another woman, head of one of the biggest affairs, after fifteen years' service, received about half what a man would get. All these women have to pay rent, food, fire, and light, clothes, and travelling expenses, and are born and educated ladies. They have to look on their underpay as a bit of war work, knowing they are worth more, and that some day Government officials may awake to the fact. A decent salary is the most heavenly thing in the world, because it does away with the gnawing anxiety of life, caused by the weekly uncertainty as to food and rent, for the war has brought many people of birth, and brains and education to a state of starving gentility. And even good looks have been pushed on one side.

It is the greatest handicap in life, by the way, for a woman to be good-looking. Women hate her, men fear her. Both are jealous if she also have brains, and the mean little subterfuges to which both will descend to checkmate the good-looking woman worker would be laughable

were they not cryable. A man who tries to make love to a girl in his office is a cad. A gentleman should protect her in every possible way; only a cad of the lowest type would ever try to kiss her or touch her. Alas, some really nice girls are afflicted with an unintentional "glad eye" that attracts the worst side of the worst men.

* * * * *

At last, then, women were employed upon munition making, the largest share of their labours being given to this vital business.

By the autumn of 1917 the Munitions Department were employing, as said, over a million women upon the job, whose output was, beyond all others perhaps, destined to smash the would-be "all-conquering" Boche. That seems pretty well for a sex whose ambition, it had been long understood, must not soar above the coal-scuttle and the tea-tray. Yet even to-day few enough people realize that these women are new to the work—that they are oft-times overcrowded and uncomfortable, and yet are doing longer hours under war pressure than did men before them, and generally for less pay.

Without doubt, munition work is a patchwork of incongruities. Factory hands on piecework are sometimes paid more wages than their forewoman. The best sort of forewomen—and they may have from 100 to 400 girls under them—are better-class ladies. The aristocrat who is accustomed to rule a household has learnt to rule in a sympathetic way. Her girls respect her, love her, follow her. Like Tommy, they prefer not to follow their own class. The lady rubs the rough edges off the factory hand, and the factory hand teaches the lady a new side of life. Cleanliness, tidy hair, and more polite speech invariably follow the lady.

The first ten women—ladies all—spoken of as going

to Woolwich for training, did so in September, 1915, to learn. After a five or six weeks' course, with many examinations in high explosives and the art of how to become forewomen, they took up the work of different departments, especially in the danger zones, and did 12-hour day, or 12-hour night shifts for months and months at 30*s.* a week. They were responsible for the overlookers and all the girls under them again; but that was their sole pay, and after more than two years without a break a 10*s.* or 12*s.* rise was considered quite enough for these "ladies," whose pluck, endurance, and gentle influence have done so much to win the war.

And think of those long winter nights. Women going into Woolwich Arsenal before seven in the evening in the dark, working for twelve long hours in the artificial light, the atmosphere putrid, and their senses torpid as they stagger out again into the dark at seven next morning. Those pleasing streaks of dawn that used to cheer them up as the summer hours wore on disappear with winter, and winter in England is very long.

A munition factory is a Hades. Dante's Inferno is nothing to the noise, the force, the flare of it. War and its waging are Hell. May it prove the Purgatory through which civilization is to enter Heaven.

At Woolwich, even in 1916, there were thousands of women employed, and as through the following year the combing-out process of males was intensified, the female numbers steadily increased. It is no good to minimize the trials and long hours in some of the factories, where much could be made easier and healthier for the women workers than it is. For instance, milk should be given free by the Government to every one employed on T.N.T. work or lead. What are a few hundred pounds a day to a nation spending 7½ millions?

Welfare workers are beginning to be useful; but they still have an enormous amount to do to attain all that is required. Their work looks excellent in theory; but it is difficult to carry out in practice.

Beyond question women have been overworked in many of the factories. Twelve-hour shifts were almost criminal—and proved to be most impolitic also. For when the Ministry of Munitions really investigated the question, *after twenty-four months of strain*, it was found, said Dr. Addison, that better conditions and shorter hours contributed largely to increased output.

Scientific ways of work raise speed and lessen fatigue. Muddle wastes both.

"It became necessary to discover means of avoiding fatigue or of making provision for it. The plan of introducing definite rest periods in factories has been tried with excellent results. Thus it is recorded that in one case girls inspecting bicycle balls had their hours of work per day reduced from 10½ to 8½, and a break of ten minutes granted them in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon. What followed? That 35 girls did the work of 120, the accuracy of their work visibly increased, and, what is more, these 35 girls practically doubled their former wages."

The rest night, accorded in some factories, should be enforced everywhere. But for months—aye, two long years—a Sunday off, or indeed any time off, was a thing unknown at a great arsenal.

Let us fervently hope that after the war we may become more scientific in every detail. For instance, after working out and carefully watching the results of workmen laying bricks, it was found that the rate of brick-laying, scientifically applied, rose from 120 per hour per man to 350. Even in stamping, or closing

letters, time can be enormously decreased, and strain lessened, by doing it scientifically. Then again, let us revert as soon as possible to apprenticeship. Let every boy and girl learn some trade properly, and do it properly, and become of proper use to the State and to themselves, instead of being like a half-baked potato, no good to any one, and of no market value.

It is a curious anomaly that there are dozens—aye, hundreds—of Government-owned arsenals, designed, staffed, and run by individual private firms. England has become one vast shop for the Allies. In November, 1917, it was officially stated that we had 10,000 Government munition factories. Projectile factories, where shell cases and fuses are made, but not completed, have multiplied with each succeeding month. Filling factories are what their name implies; at such a pace have these sprung up that a nodding field of wheat was eight months later a huge working factory. Men are largely employed in setting up and getting the machines in order; but the shell making and finishing are done by women, who learn their work very quickly.

Without the courageous women of Britain our land would be in the hands of the Germans. Our women saved the situation—these women-soldiers supplied the firing men with shells. And these women, be it noted, are the potential mothers of the race for which we are now fighting. That is a reason in itself why we should not impose on them and impair their future health. This is a vital matter indeed, for the undertaking by women of too heavy physical work may so injure them that the would-be mothers of the future may fail to bear offspring; or, on the other hand, the race may be enfeebled through the physical over-strain borne by women in munition factories, where they carry 80-lb. boxes of material, or in sugar

factories, where they carry 70-lb. or 80-lb. bags of sugar.

The way to make a success of a canteen, a club, a workshop, or any institution, is to listen sympathetically to complaints. The workers know far better than the heads what they themselves want, and can always suggest what is superfluous and what is needful. Take, for instance, the fact that complaints at the canteens at a great arsenal went unheeded until there was a real row, and stretchers and police were requisitioned. Forewomen should have their own screened-off corner for food and rest, that they may not be forced on the dozens or hundreds of girls they control—a position which is uncomfortable for both of them. Some canteen meals are both good and cheap; but alas! some are quite the reverse. Again, why should women or men at any factory have had to stand for an hour or more, unsheltered from pouring rain, to receive their wages? After a twelve-hour shift this is cruelty, and merely shows want of management and thought.

Men didn't exactly encourage women to take their places. Perhaps the men were jealous of being superseded, but all jealousy must cease in sex-comradeship.

Indeed, men at factories often behaved unkindly to the women, treated them with sneers and rough language—even in the Post Office (Regent's Park) the women sent in to take men's places sat for five days without being shown a single thing by the men. *Only* when an official brass hat appeared did the cause of this get sifted.

Many people seem to forget that the importance of women's rôle in the war has been, and still is, immense. Women made the clothes, the boots, the armaments, besides taking men's places, as said, in thousands of cases, and so setting them free for military work. Surely

these women deserve to be called soldier-women. But why should some women do work while others stand by idle? Why should men dock labourers still do eight hours' work, "weather permitting," with Saturday afternoons and Sundays off? Why not import coloured labour for that job and house them at the docks, as we do the Lascars off ocean liners? Why not have a law that will make us men and women, one and all, do our bit according to our several capacities? Why on earth are we not all conscripted?

So long as men, and men alone, make laws for women, both women and girls must suffer. Would the Army and Navy have liked to be run by women alone? Why, then, should women be run in every trade, every profession, and every occupation solely by men's laws? The sexes were meant to work together, and our factories and public offices have proved how easily they can do it There is no sex in brains and work. Men hated women workers before the war. They were rivals. Men admired women workers after war began. They were equals and comrades. It was not that the women had changed; it was merely that men had become more understanding.

Co-operation is now the password of the sexes, not antagonism.

And will you please tell us, dear mere-man, what a woman can't do? Because the writer has a simple belief that women can do everything men can do—and one great thing more. Russian women have even been soldiers in this war in their endeavour to pull their nation together and arouse patriotism in a tottering army; and as women have flown in peace time, women may yet fly in war. They have even come forward in a crucial hour to put strikers to shame. In February, 1918, four thousand munition girls in Renfrewshire passed a resolution

stating that they had heard with horror of the Glasgow shipbuilding threat to strike in connection with Sir Auckland Geddes's man-power scheme, and pledged themselves to do all in their power to support the Government in the carrying through of the war to an honourable peace. Other loyal bodies of women quickly followed suit. The Minister of Munitions telegraphed an acknowledgment of their patriotic resolution.

Though on the whole women have not got men's physical strength, do not forget that there are physical weaklings among men also. Train a woman for a few days or weeks, and she will be able to take up nearly every post that a man has to leave. The exceptions to this, at any rate outside the most severe forms of field labour, or from convention the Navy afloat, will be few and far between; it was only the Government who took so long to accept the fact.

Nor does age necessarily govern capacity. There are nearly as many "crocks" at sixteen as there are hale and hearty women of sixty.

Believe in woman, trust her, and she will attain great ends. And above all, see to it that in all those matters that concern her—and nearly everything that pertains to ordinary life needs must concern her—woman is duly consulted.

* * * * *

It is horrible that any idle men or women should try to throw themselves into the limelight as amateur actors, as martyrs to grief, or saints on pedestals, at a time of their country's peril. Every nerve is wanted, and no one should be asked or expected to stand aside to minister to hysterics, or heroics, or strikes, or other devilment. Forward, push and attain, should be our motto to one triumphant end. Those few helpless, hopeless men and

women should cease to be jelly; mental, moral, and physical jelly. Let us harden our heart, our head and our muscles, and be a valuable asset to our country, our friends and ourselves, instead of a wobbly worry. Let each of us ask ourselves, "What have I done for my country in its hour of peril?" And do still more.

* * * * *

But some people gird on the armour of labour in an amusing way. For instance:—

A member of the Government engaged a chauffeuse.

He went to make a call on a fellow-minister, and running into the house, called back to the girl—

"Just wait. I shan't be long."

He was there an hour.

An envelope was handed in. He took it. In a neat handwriting was the following:—

"Regret I cannot wait any longer; but I have a dinner engagement, so enclose a shilling for your taxi." A year later there was barely a taxi to be found in London. The men had earned so much that they went on strike for about three months, so as to have time to spend it.

The same gentleman engaged another chauffeuse, and after giving some order said, "By the by, I am accustomed to be addressed as 'My lord,' so will you please remember that?"

"Certainly, 'My lord'; but as we are mentioning the matter, I may as well tell you I am accustomed to be addressed as 'My lady.'"

The topsy-turvydom of life.

"Here's our scullery maid!" Tommy would cry, as the hospital scullery maid drove herself to the door in her motor-car, until the petrol order prohibited its use.

And an old lady of seventy learnt from her butler how to clean silver, and spent four or five hours daily at a canteen solemnly cleaning forks and spoons.

Such was war work.

* * * * *

Rather than let the Old Country go under, the women of the Empire would be willing, aye more than willing, to take a place in the firing line.

Women are full of patriotism—they have been proving it hour by hour through more than fifteen hundred black days. Give them the chance of the trenches, as you good people did of the munition factories (after you had failed to get supplies enough), and they would step in right royally and loyally again—if the nation wanted them.

What is the man's answer?

He says: The men of Britain, being men, want women's help in all things but one—the shambles. "You shall toil for us, scheme for us, nurse us, succour us in a thousand ways; but you shall not redden a Boche bayonet with your blood. Still less shall you fall wounded and gasping into the Boche hands. Many a French and Belgian woman knows these merciless hands. Our women shall not. By the Lord, no!"

Well, we women don't agree with you—won't agree with you . . . if our country wants us we shall go and fight. The writer is ready to form A WOMEN'S BATTALION, the moment it becomes necessary for women to fill that fighting breach. Women have done more for their country than handle a rifle, and thousands of us are ready to do that too, now that the necessity of another 150,000 fighters has arisen, to bring this cruel war—which must end wars—to an honourable and victorious conclusion.

One penned the phrase *A Woman's Army* almost nervously in 1914, little dreaming that in a year it would be on every one's lips. One writes *A Women's Fighting Battalion* almost shyly in 1918: well, a year may see many such battalions ready for the trenches.

CHAPTER III

A WOMAN OF FURNACELAND: A STORY AND ITS SEQUEL

The parlourmaid: the call of the drum—A beehive of workers—Vast machines—Shells: noise: Zepps—Honour the women soldiers.

SHE had felt the strain; she was not well. To a woman unaccustomed to standing on her feet for twelve hours on end, the work had been terrific.

She had been a parlour-maid in a good situation, with plenty of room and fresh air, where she had cleaned silver, answered the door-bell, waited at table, carried trays, turned out her pantry, gone to the door, had her regular outings, and was perfectly certain to get an hour or two for sewing or reading every afternoon; where she had never got out of her bed before half-past six and was generally back in it before ten; where she had been well fed and well paid, warmly housed and generously considered.

Tom had joined the colours at the first roll of the drum. She would not have "walked out" with him had he not done so, and truth to tell, he was mighty keen and patriotic.

Quickly trained, hard trained, strenuously trained, he was ready amongst the first batch of the *New Army* who went to the front, ten or eleven months after the outbreak of war. During these ten months she had kept her situation, had knitted him socks and mufflers, had

seen him when on leave, and had encouraged him to do well at the guns.

Then came the final parting. He was to sail from Southampton for "somewhere in France." Before the momentous day, he received a final few days' leave.

"Tom," she said, "you are off to do your bit, God bless you, and you will be constantly in my thoughts and my prayers; but I do not suppose we shall meet again for many months—perhaps longer—and I am going to spring a mine upon you, not a German mine, old chap, but a truly British one. While you are at the front firing shells, I am going into a munition factory to make shells. The job will not be as well paid as domestic service, it will not be as comfortable as domestic service; it will be much harder work, but it will be my bit, and every time you fire your gun you can remember I am helping to make the shells."

"Well done, my girl, it is splendid of you, but can you stand it?"

"I *will* stand it," she replied with that determination which one knows to be the British characteristic, even when it means getting up at five o'clock every winter morning and not returning home for fourteen hours at a spell.

* * * * *

It was an awful night. The wind howled. Sleet blew in great blasts. Tom's letters had been frequent from "somewhere in France," interspersed with those quaint postcards every soldier and every home knows so well. He had been through those awful days at Loos, when his battery had pulled out into the open and the only shelter was under the limbers. His leading horse's driver had been killed before him, and without even waiting for the word of command he had scrambled along

to that horse's back and taken the dead man's place. He had done his bit with a vengeance. The work of the 15th Division at Loos will never be forgotten; but very little news had travelled home, so the encouragement and inspiration that the girl might have had on that score had been sadly lacking.

That night Tom was constantly in her thoughts. It was her week of night duty. She had made a railway journey, to arrive at the factory wet, cold and dejected, and before her lay a twelve-hours-shift.

Warm food in the Y.W.C.A. Canteen at midnight cheered her. She washed her hands in warm water (which means a great deal to workers, many thousands of whom had to wash in cold and exist all the first cruel winters without a canteen at all), and through the factory mud and slush she waded back to her workshop, picturing the mud of Flanders and Tom.

* * * * *

What a scene!

A veritable beehive of workers. Eight thousand women answered the call of the drum in that district alone. Neat khaki caps and neat khaki overalls made them both trim and smart and a veritable little soldier-women's army.

The glass domes of the Birmingham "shop" had been blackened overhead so that Zeppelins should no longer find their whereabouts. The great furnaces below were roaring flames. The machinery was drumming and banging and screeching. The noises were deafening; it was impossible to hear a neighbour speak. Everything was carried on by signs.

We have all seen men at the forge of a country village putting their black horseshoes into the fire with iron tongs and pulling them out red hot. That was what this

woman was doing, but her horseshoe was a part of a shell, and it must be remembered that it takes 150 operators to finish the parts of one fuse, and 21 operators to machine a 4·7 shell. In addition there are other workers who gauge, who assemble, paint and varnish them, and yet others who fill them with explosives. Yes! one hundred and fifty operators to prepare the parts of one fuse and twenty-one people to machine a single shell. Pause and think then: the brains, the skill, the machinery, the efforts put in motion to make that little shell before it leaves the hands of the workers and reaches those of the gunner at the front, where hundreds of shells, now that the women have made them, may be fired in a single day from one single gun to which a dozen or so were handed out before and at Loos. And this is war, a half-century planned war, undertaken by the enemy for might against right, a deadly cruel war.

The chorus of machinery in that shed never ceases, it is incessant, it appears eternal and the amount of human effort is prodigious. Such is the exigency of war. A woman—one of hundreds—presses a lever with her foot, and instantly a big hammer falls with a heavy thud. At a single blow it fashions the red hot metal on the anvil, and with a shriek it is snatched up again in the twinkling of an eye. The operator picks the still hot metal off the anvil with a tongs and drops it into an iron box with many others, while her mate—a young girl—pulls another piece from the furnace and places it in the die. The machine does the heavy work and yet the strain of that pressure of the foot is bad for the delicate mechanism of woman-kind. There is every class in that shed. There are well-educated ladies—enthusiasts; there are parlour-maids, like this girl—who are patriots; there are the usual factory hands, who have come from soda-water

manufactories, jam, biscuit, cocoa, toy or cheap jewellery factories, who are all doing their bit.

As the morning draws on in that thundering noise, that roar of machines almost as deafening as the roar of the guns, the drumming lathes work on; but the want of sleep, the fatigue of work, the need of food begin to tell, and our little parlour-maid is feeling weary, well-nigh prone to drop; so she makes herself a cup of tea, that everlasting and ever-joyful cup of tea, which the men enjoy even more than the women—and she thinks of Tom.

Renewed strength comes with the thought, and she works on. She looks at the lathe-belts as they go round and round, and feels that every turn furthers her job, and every day brings more succour to the front and the war nearer to its end. But still she grows weary again. The hours are long. The night shift seems unceasing, the only possible rest from her factory is on Sunday, when she is almost too worn out to leave her bed. As for an evening out, or a cinema show, such a recreation has long left her horizon, such a thing as an hour's sewing or an hour's reading in a cosy parlour has ceased to be.

Two things keep her going, the thought of Tom, with a certain feeling that she is helping him, and the canteen at last provided by the Y.W.C.A. with its chairs and comforts. Had it not been for that canteen her health would have given out long before, for with all the will in the world the women Munition Workers' hours in 1916 were too incessant for them to stand the strain.

* * * * *

"What?"

Through the din no one heard.

"What did you say?"

"Zepps!"

Every one knew they would be thrust into darkness. Every one knew they must stop work. Every one knew they were prisoners amidst the worst of dangers—explosives on every side of them, inventive devils of cruelty above them—prisoners in a great arsenal.

The chorus of machinery ceases. Belts are released and those palpitating iron and steel machines that grind the daily soul of the workers, slowly and dreamingly cease to toil. In a few minutes all is still.

Oh, the tension of it. The anxiety, the expectancy, yet not a woman falters. The hours wear on. It grows colder. The action of the right leg on the lever has ceased. Both arms are at rest. The cold seems to penetrate their very soul; but the women say nothing. They know their men face the guns day and night. Big guns, little guns, every kind of hell fire. They know a shell or a rifle-bullet may end a man's life any minute. They know these men at the front never shirk, why should they? The only people who shirk are the slackers at home, the "down tools," the wasters, the scum. No soldier shirks his duty, no woman worker turns chicken-hearted. Both are out to do their bit to consolidate and hold a great nation together and build up a great people under the greatest Democracy in the world, known as the British Empire and King George. Numbed, chilled, but not nervous, she sits on a backless stool and thinks of the first months of toil without any seat, without warm water to wash those dirty, swollen, sore hands, without a food canteen, and with only paper-bag lunches of sandwiches and buns; and she remembers the new canteens outside, where a fourpenny or sixpenny dinner can be bought out of her pay of 3*d.* per hour, and there is a warm fire and a cheery welcome.

The clock strikes midnight, one, two, three. The Zepps

have gone home again; but she can't go home, she must still pull in and pull out of the re-kindled furnace her bits of red-hot metal. All she minds is the three hours' loss in making shells for Tom.

Was it telepathy? Was it second sight? What was it that made her pause, as a cold shudder ran down her spine a couple of hours later and seemed to numb her senses? The night was still dull and cold and drear. Her face was deadly pale; the red glow from the furnace fire but accentuated the fact. She was just tired and nervy perhaps. And Tom's cheery face pictured itself before her in the flames, as she worked on.

* * * * *

An official envelope *On His Majesty's Service* told the tale—"*Killed in Action*," was all it said.

Tom was dead.

And she? She turned sick and faint when the news came. She almost gave in; but no. There were others, there were other mothers, other sweethearts, and other wives, and for them she would work harder even than before. Work till the war ended.

God bless her, the Heroine of Furnaceland. These are the women who will never falter until real victory by the Allies puts an end to war for ever.

Surely if such a soldier-woman's labour ends in death, she deserves as honourable a military funeral as any fighting-man in the field.

CHAPTER IV

A PACKET OF IDEAS

Ideas fructify—An Air Minister wanted—A prize of £1000—Paris and air raids—To the rescue of Hodge—Women and purse-strings—Rich but penniless—Exeunt the servants—Educated forewomen—Paterfamilias holds forth—Middle classes taxed to death—What the poor throw away—Find women a seat on every Board and Committee—A jungle of committees—American on British hustle—England a little tired of being called slow, decadent—Mere man's little blunders—Tommies in a trench—"The 1914 Star"—Patriotism.

AS women deal in babies and houses and food and servants, they have fairly practical minds on these subjects. Nevertheless men—who are wonderfully great and wonderfully clever—rule everything and everybody and everywhere, and no woman has yet been given a Portfolio.

"After two years," said the writer (in an article called "Women and War Economy," published in the April, 1916, number of the *English Review*), "the Government is still haggling over many little things that the women could settle in a few hours."

The article hereupon proceeded to make certain suggestions.

I.—"*Women would have bread tickets and meat tickets, and control the market.*"

Well, months and months went by, and then the meat tickets were dangled before our eyes by Lord Rhondda in the winter of 1917, but awaited delivery until the

results of Sir Arthur Yapp's Food Economy Campaign should declare themselves. In February, 1918, Sir Arthur resigned his post as Director of the Food Economy Campaign. He had done much valuable work in preparing the nation for certain compulsion, and Lord Rhondda, though not ruthless enough, did marvels. Reduction of diet had become, with right-thinking people at least, a habit and practice before it was an established legal obligation. By this time many of the markets had been nominally under control; but not until profiteers had worked their wicked will by long-drawn-out Government delay. At last—late in February, 1918—the ripe meat and butter tickets were showered upon our laps.

Why in Heaven's name was profiteering ever allowed? Why after 1,300 days of war were rabbits sold at 4*s.* 9*d.* each in quantities, and why the day the price was fixed at 2*s.* 9*d.* should the whole supply disappear? Why should mutton be fixed at 1*s.* 5*d.* a pound and sausages left free? Result—no mutton, but tens of thousands of sausages sold up to 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and half of them oatmeal.

Oh, for Martial Law! Oh, for a Government that should have listened to the *military request for national rations in* 1915, instead of half-hearted rations in 1918, when everything was anyhow and everything expensive.

Women, yes women, should have been the Food Controllers. The job has entirely baffled men:—

Who give orders on Monday.

Find them wrong and contradict them on Tuesday.

Owing to a woman's help, see a compromise on Wednesday.

Are hung up by profiteers on Thursday.

Talk of commandeering supplies on Friday.

And even by Saturday, can no more realize what they want than the bewildered public can comprehend

their incomprehensible schemes or the jargon of ministerial "explanations." Plain people want plain dealings and plain language.

Women—aye, babes—could hardly have made such a muddle of the Food Problem as the political males.

II.—"*Women would employ every German prisoner, so that he should be of no expense to the State*," the article continued, as none were employed in England at that time.

This was partially done, but only many, many months after the suggestion of a mere woman was printed. Mr. Prothero's speech at last announced that all Germans, whether prisoners or interned, were to be employed on the land. We first heard of that employment, which was highly successful, on the Worcestershire fruit-gardens; and it was continued in various quarters through the year, much to their own satisfaction, and to the advantage of the State.

III.—"*Women would have an Air Minister, as the war will be won in the air.*"

Lord Cowdray, with his unique business abilities, was appointed Chairman of the Air Board nine months later. No member of the Government accomplished more, or did it so quietly as Lord Cowdray, the unpaid Director of the Air. But the first Air Minister did not evolve until eleven months later still (December, 1917). Lord Cowdray took office at a most critical time for the Air Service, a few weeks after the close of the great July-to-November Somme battles of 1916. By a year's judicious handling he brought about a kindly feeling between the Navy and Army. He ordered machines by the tens of thousand; in fact, under his hand the Air Service was trebled in size and economy, and enormously improved in efficiency, as we saw by the amazing results in March, 1918. The machines that he ordered were employed in

bombing German towns many months later, and the charter laid down by him and General Sir David Henderson was carried out almost *in toto* by Lord Rothermere (1918). The story of the Air Service beats any fairy tale. It was almost non-existent as a fighting body when war broke out. Where we then had pilots in tens we have now trained them in thousands. Our flying men are all over the world to-day, from Canada and the United States to Africa and the Indian frontiers, from Mesopotamia and Palestine to Macedonia and Venetia, over the seas and over the mountains—and above all in France and Belgium. No words of praise are too strong for our marvellous air-men.

And so—almost exactly two years after the woman scribe had offered the War Office (Jan. 27, 1916), a thousand-pound prize which she could ill afford (in memory of a dear son who fell in action) for an aeroplane engine that would quickly help to finish the war, *because the war will be decided in the air*, and begged for an Air Minister—an Air Minister was appointed, and aeroplanes and pilots were speeded up at a breakneck rate, as Mr. Joynson-Hicks, the father of the Air Service, had always implored. (The Royal Air Force materialized April, '18.)

The prize was discussed at the small office in Albemarle Street which then contained the tiny but entire Air Service Administration. A year later it took an hotel and one thousand rooms to house them, doubled shortly again.

Let us hope that after the war women will find jobs as aerial postwomen.

IV. "*England should be turned into one vast poultry-run and market garden.*"

The market garden began to materialize under the Food Controller a year later, that is early in 1917. Britain became a veritable garden for vegetables, bulging

into vast quantities of valuable food even from waste spaces and derelict corners. In potatoes especially, a bumper crop was grown and safely put upon the market. In the urban districts of England and Wales 200,000 people obtained allotments, and 13,000 acres of land were taken over for the purpose, being largely increased later.

V. "*Women would gladly be farm-hands; but farmers ungraciously refuse them. Result, deadlock.*"

Is it not droll, now that the whole agricultural world is crying aloud for thousands more women to go on the land, now that their success as farm-hands has been proved to the hilt all through a crucial, submarine-haunted year, to read the above written a year before any one moved? Yet it was only gradually—all too slowly—that the farmers learnt their lesson. Oh dear, those dear men—they are always 365 days behind us women!

The moment they were asked for, women fell into line in thousands. Miss Muriel Talbot, the head of the new-made Women's Labour Department of the Board of Agriculture, got together a staff of women early in 1917, and organized a scheme for the county committees and village registers. The upshot of which, we all know, is the sowing of every country-side with women workers in every department of agricultural work. The number of men—of the hardiest class we possess—thus released and sent to the front will go on increasing as long as the war lasts. Small wonder that, after this rapid and big farm-hand move, the Lord Mayor's Show of November, 1917, had to include a batch of female farm-hands, and that they were heartily cheered.

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All the above suggestions went to show that, given

an opportunity, women exhibit their mettle, prove their grit and capability in a hundred directions. The homes of Great Britain, be it remembered, are run by women. They should hold the purse-strings. Without cash, hard cash, we cannot win the war. Cash passes through the hands of the women, who, incidentally, generally have to account for every penny they spend to some man. And many of these women who are now doing such wonderful work, and earning wages, had to endure for years the humiliation of going to their husbands for the cash for the weekly bills, and had never been allowed to have a Post-office account, or to draw a cheque in their lives.

To wit. One woman whose husband's income was over £40,000 a year before the war, exclaimed—

"I never have a penny in cash. My motor is at the door. Two men sit on the box with more money in their pockets than I. All the bills go to the office; but implore as I will, my husband replies: 'Silly little woman, don't worry yourself—go and spend as much money as you like, and send me the bills.'"

"I hate it, hate the humiliation," she cried passionately; "and I am beginning to hate him for allowing me to suffer it."

Even a considerate rich man may blunder badly by teasing and haggling at his wife about daily expenses. Let him, therefore, take a bold, broad line from the beginning of matrimony; hand over half his income to the wife for expenditure inside the house; for feeding the family, housekeeping, paying the servants, and so forth. Give her the lump sum, and let each trust the other about details. Let him pay the rent, the school bills, the holidays, and certain well-defined things wisely agreed upon before marriage, and a settled income for every child. Thus will the task of each be carried through

without daily stress and strain, and the home be a smooth-working machine driven by twin engines.

To-day, women are faced by a great money-problem. They can earn, they do earn, but they must save—or rather lend to the country in her need. Germany can produce nearly everything she wants. We can't. We must buy from outside, and we must pay in cash—and therefore we must buy less, and spend every spare shilling in purchasing War Loan. Our best men are giving their lives; we women must give our time, our money and best economy.

We would all have done it gladly in August, 1914, just as we—both sexes—would have welcomed conscription; but delay has hardened us, blunted the sharp edge of patriotism, and our Government has taught us to be callous, well-nigh indifferent, as we have watched its prodigious extravagance, useless office expenditure, multiplied clerkships, and oft-times want of concentration.

"A mistress may explain," the *English Review* article (April, 1916) went on to say, "to a maid that her expenses have gone up and her income gone down, with the net result that she must practically halve her expenditure. Since she cannot keep three servants any longer, she hopes that, by shutting the drawing-room and spare bedroom, the two remaining domestics will be able to manage between them. Further, since food and washing and coal are so much more costly, she ventures to offer a slight reduction in wages. Result: all three walk off. Servants are not hit by the war; they expect the same wages and the same food, therefore they really add one-third, if not one-half, more in war time to the household expenses. Yet the average maid does not expect to do a hand's turn more work. Women with brains and education cannot organize and run charities, canteens, or hospitals if the

cook neglects their dinner. A nice little, dainty-looking dinner served up to her hard-working, brain-fagged mistress, is the cook's bit of war work, and is a real help to the country.

"The servant-maid is chiefly obsessed with the fact that her married sister (whose husband has one of the overpaid jobs) has bought a piano which she cannot play, has invested in an American carpet—these carpets are coming into this country in thousands—and is the proud possessor of a fur coat, which she forgets to keep clean, little heeding that the mother of five children may be blown to pieces any moment in a munition factory, or the pretty lady's maid's skin may be turned bright yellow, and her hair come out in lumps.

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"But let us turn the mirror again and congratulate both mistress and maid on some splendid cases of devotion to the employer, duty to country, and sacrifice of self; for there are cases where servants have gone *en bloc* to their employers and gratuitously offered to take half wages or none, or double their work, and consider the exchequer in every way. All honour to them—those domestics are truly doing their bit just as much as, or more than, the woman at the factory.

"Paterfamilias stands on the hearthrug and makes the imposing announcement:—

"'My dear, it is war time. We must economize.' He does not condescend to details. He does not even reduce his own smoking. An airy wave of the hand, and the conversation is closed.

"The dutiful wife then puts on her thinking-cap again, nowadays a little frayed at the edge, and goes into ways and means for the hundredth time.

"The rich have become poor. The poor have become

rich. Among the first-named the enormous responsibilities of an expensive house, several servants, and children to be schooled, hang like leaden weights round the necks of super-taxed families. And the second class, accustomed to 25*s.* a week, are not able to spend £6 or £7 judiciously. Money is a curse to every one, unless they learn to spend it wisely, and to spend wisely is an education, and a difficult one at that.

The less educated people are, the more they seem to think they know everything, and can settle everything and everybody. Look at Russia—"the people ruled by the people." Ye gods, look at the result! The higher educated people are, the more they realize what responsibility really means, and that mental work is a thousand times more fatiguing than bodily work. Brain work saps all one's vitality. Physical work merely tires the body.

The educated middle class, the thrifty backbone, the brains of the country, has been almost taxed out of existence by the war.

Excess of wealth, health, luxury seem to ruin people, to make them selfish, lazy, self-indulgent. Poverty, wounds, sickness and hardships expand them, and war made Greater Britain—the Imperial Commonwealth—spread and find herself. A new nation was born under Kaiser William's heel.

The one-time rich have put their backs into it by giving their services freely, without pay, to the country. The elder ladies have washed and cooked and scrubbed in soldiers' canteens; the girls have done day and night work in hospitals as nurses or kitchen-maids. The upper classes have behaved magnificently; of the others not one in a hundred appear to have saved a penny. Young women on separation allowances are buying silk petticoats. Alas and alack! all this means a grim future

is in store for the working people of England. The educated classes have been taxed and have suffered. Now it is the turn to tax the masses who are earning under abnormal conditions. Doubtless, if the Government will arrange to accept half their own salary in War Loan, all the country will gladly follow suit. Amateur thrift is useless and unfair; let us all be taxed heavily, and let us all be taxed alike. Let democratic households buy War Loan and so provide for their future, instead of whining, when the war is over and they have wasted wickedly, that they have no work to do and must be helped and fed and kept.

One has only to deal with the lower orders to understand why they are poor. They waste more good material than rich folk utilize, and then they grumble at poverty. They throw away vegetable water, fish water, stewed meat water, and seldom or never realize that one and all are the groundwork of good nourishing soup. While the French peasant patches her husband's blue trousers a dozen times, the English send their husbands out to buy a new pair. They never keep a matchbox for odd buttons, and so never possess a button.

Nevertheless the nation, as a whole, has been making a strong effort. Thousands of women are trying to be careful. Porridge for breakfast has taken the place of eggs at 3*d.* or 5*d.* each and bacon at 2*s.* 8*d.* a pound. Less meat and more rice and macaroni, dumplings and vegetables are eaten. The *casserole* pot is everywhere with its succulent joy. Butter in the dining-room has been substituted by margarine. Coke ekes out the coal. Old clothes mark people of sound heart and serious thought. Simple washing is done at home. Smart frocks are taboo. Hats are trimmed up from bits of odds and ends.

Everywhere the cry arises for more and stricter organization. Why not let women have a turn at it?

They have proved their capacity to the surprise of men: let men give them the chance of proving it still further by offering them a seat on every Board and every Committee, whether for economy, war, emigration, health, education, or sanitation.

Whenever anything goes wrong in the State, they say, "Let us form a committee," until at last there are so many committees that it will take a committee to find out who all the committees are.

"Let's have a tea-party game," some one says, "and as we can't have cakes and muffins, let's have high thoughts. It will be great fun. We will each think of a new subject, pretend to be men, and form a committee on it, and then we'll think of a nice house and agree—in fun, of course—to commandeer it, and then we'll put down any names haphazard that we can think of to go on to that committee, and then"—and she stopped almost breathless—"and then—well then we shall have done, and can begin another committee."

Many committees are little better than waste-paper baskets; and while committees have been talking the country has, in many ways, been drifting.

In war women pay the toll. Women lose their husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, or sweethearts. Women have none of the excitement of action, or surprise, or of change; they sit and wait and think. It is far harder to wait than to act.

Women it was who gave life, and through war live to see what has cost them so dearly thrown ruthlessly away. Women did not make war any more than they made law, and yet in silence they must abide by both.

To them the last and greatest war economy of all—they must economize in tears.

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"What your country has done in the war," said an American visitor, near Christmas, 1917, "is the most amazing hustle the world has ever seen. It is stupendous. I've been round the country to pick up ideas, and I'm packed so full with your ideas that I think my head will burst. I only hope we'll get around anywhere near as fast as you have done over this war." And he had come over after thirty-eight months of war on a tour of investigation for America—at a time when, before America had lost a man, there were a quarter of a million British graves on foreign battlefields.

"Your new factories, your hutments, hostels, canteens are a ceaseless wonder, and your millions of men soldiers and women workers are beyond anything conceivable for three years' work. I take off my hat to your nation's talent."

But talent is absolutely useless without stability of purpose.

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Below is what Great Britain actually *did* do in the fourth year of the war (1917); not what she said she *would* do.

Mr. Bonar Law in Parliament, February 13, 1918, mentioned the following achievements:—

820,645 additional men put into the Army, and 731,000 men and 804,000 women placed in employment in industrial life at home, during 1917.

1,000,000 acres brought under the plough in this country. Additional cereals totalled 850,000 tons, and potatoes 3,000,000 tons.

In 1918, 800,000 additional acres will be cultivated in England, and 400,000 more in Scotland and Ireland.

Although the timber imports last year were reduced by 3,000,000 tons, that amount was made good.

At the end of December stocks of wheat exceeded those at the end of 1916 by 2,000,000 quarters.

In 1917 we built 1,163,474 tons of new shipping, and bought abroad 170,000 tons. This total would have been increased but for America coming in and naturally desiring to take charge of shipping being constructed for Great Britain.

We had set apart 1,500,000 tons for the use of the Allies; yet in three of the last months of the year imported the same amount of goods as in the early part of the year.

In munitions, the number of guns available in France last year increased by 30 per cent., and aeroplanes were multiplied 2½ times against the 1916 figure.

Truly this amazing land of ours, this land of contradictions, has done the most amazing things. She has fought on six fronts, she has controlled the seas for the safety of herself and others, she has fed and equipped her men in distant lands, aye, and helped her allies too. She has borne the brunt of the war and financed all round. No wonder Germany hates her.

Muddles, of course, were made. We had never thought about preparing for war before the war, and have had little time for thought, with so much action necessary since, to combat the forty years of Prussian preparation. But the United States had nearly three years to watch us and think out what she might do if she had to come in on either side, and yet she repeated most of our muddles along the very same lines.

We made fearful mistakes. America criticized us severely; but we righted ourselves and we made good.

America has been making the same sort of mistakes, and promising too much. She is now making good.

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There were stupid men before the war who thought the whole duty of women consisted in being attractive to the male when young, and making the man creature comfortable when he was old. If the war has done nothing else that is good, it has shaken men out of that stupidity, anyway. Woman is allowed to be herself at last.

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If mere woman decided to mark London off into squares and asked the nation to affix 1, 2, or 3 after the North, South, East, or West, she would see that the Post Office Telephone Books were supplied with these references before the order was given, instead of six months later. She would see that the postal book had the alterations properly noted, and that the names on the street-corners had the additions duly made. Dear mere-man was above such practical aids of swift help to establish a new idea, or rather an idea borrowed from Paris and Berlin as a war measure.

Silly little suggestions or forecasts about 365 days before they materialized were nothing; they were merely the common-sense view of the lady in petticoats, which thousands of women were doubtless feeling.

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And while we talk and struggle over food at home, Tommy is still well fed and struggles with mud and Germans. Two soldiers in the sloppy trenches in France were sitting some distance apart, but they could communicate by telephone.

"All right there, Bill?"

"Yes, all right, old chap."

The barrage increases.

"All right there, Bill?"

"Yes, old chap."

The barrage increases again.

Third time. "All right, Bill, old chap?"

"D—— it all, why on earth do you take such an interest in me?"

"Well, we've got a 'sweep' on at this end, and I've drawn you as first casualty."

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The ordinary is so often overlooked in life. For instance, every British soldier and every British nurse and M.P.s galore must have noticed that nearly all French soldiers—and every Frenchman was a soldier—carried some distinction; but they noticed and passed on. The idea struck the writer as so excellent that she sent the following to *The Times*, who printed it (May, 1916), and paid it the rare distinction of reprinting it and referring to it in a leading article.

"Travelling in France, one is struck by the number of French soldiers with a V (chevron) upon their arm, or a double V. On inquiring one learns that: one V on left arm denotes twelve months' service at the front; two Vs another six months' service at the front, and so on; one V on the right arm, wounded once; two Vs, wounded twice, and a special badge is to be used if wounded again. Gold bands denote staff, artillery, and infantry. Silver bands represent cavalry. Privates are marked by plain braid. Men who have been given medals proudly wear them; in fact, every man who has done his bit bears the mark in some form or other. Men invalided out of the Service have a ribbon attached to the buttonhole; men mobilized for civilian duties wear white brassards. The Minister of War has ordered

La fourragere, a special emblem for the regiments that have specially distinguished themselves. These cords are to be worn both by officers and men, which honourable military distinctions can be seen constantly."

Up to then nobody in England knew whether a man had joined the army yesterday, or whether he had been in the Retreat from Mons or the Battle of the Marne. He was given no distinction; he might have suffered, he might have been wounded, he might have lived a year or eighteen months at the front; but he had the same lack of decoration, and looked the same as the unused and raw recruit still in an English camp. Not until July, 1917, just thirteen months later, the thirty-fifth of the war, was a distinguishing badge granted to those who by reason of wounds or ill-health contracted at the front were exempted from further service.

The heroes of Mons had to wait yet another four months for recognition; for it was only on November 21, 1917, that an Army Order was promulgated for the "1914 Star." This belated decoration, with its red, white, and blue watered ribbon, was to be bestowed upon every officer and soldier present with the famous First Seven Divisions (the so-called "Old Contemptibles") between August and the last week of November, 1914—that is, the close of the first Battle of Ypres, which saved Paris and Calais *en route* for London. Then also chevrons were promised for each year's service at the front; but those had just materialized by Easter, 1917, or half through the fourth year of the war.

Some may smile and say these are very little things; but are they? Recognition for worth and work should never be withheld; it makes the blood of patriotism flow still more warmly through the veins. One's brain reels before the deeds of pluck and daring done by our lads on

the battle-field. Represented by—England, 60 per cent. of total; Scotland, 8 per cent; Wales, 3½ per cent.; Ireland, 2½ per cent.; Dominions and Colonies, 12 per cent.; India and Dependencies, 14 per cent.

And what was the power behind six millions of British fighting men who volunteered before conscription? It was, in a word, the nation's patriotism. Should that fail, all these men's splendid deeds, their immeasurable sufferings, will be not utterly stultified—for they have averted, from France as well as Britain, complete and instant destruction—but rewarded with that miserable fraud, a plaster cast of Peace erected upon a pedestal of clay. Should we fail in self-sacrifice now, enfeeble our rulers by cowardly moaning about a shortened meal, a forgone luxury; should we succumb to the clamour of extremest agitators—anti-patriots at the core—we shall ring down the curtain upon a stage still dominated by one protagonist: gasping for the moment, yet, with mailed fist still upraised, with old hate reinforced by new contempt, gloating upon the one thought—*next time*. Nothing on earth but sheer want of patriotism—the love of country, which is but love of family writ large upon an ampler sheet—can bring us to this. For God's sake, let us put new blood, new will, new vigour and vehemence into our patriotism! If our neighbour is weak, let us stiffen his back, infuse into him our own strength and stubbornness, thrust into his hesitating mind the plain, crushing truth that 1918 is the winning crisis. Stick it out, tell him, and your great enemy will go down with a crash: stick it out, and this accursed blood-shedding will be done with, for you and your children. Listen to the coward, the waverer, the stealthy and supple pacifist, and your son's son will be a conscripted German soldier.

CHAPTER V

THE PLEASURES OF ECONOMY

Honourable uniforms — Factory girls — Tawdry finery — Gentry's example — Advertisements of furbelows — Alarming lines; but war inspirations — A huge propaganda — Blouse shops: male shoppers — Shops closed — Energy squandered on extravagances — Taxi drivers — Economy at home — War Loan Tanks.

IN *ante-bellum* days nurses and domestics wore uniforms and hated them. In war days duchesses and society girls wear uniforms and love them. They are easy, they require little mending, less thought. Everything matches everything else; and, above all, they are sensible.

A woman in uniform is as honoured to day as a soldier in khaki. Alas! the hats and clothes of the 100,000 and more V.A.D.s are not altogether becoming; but the military nurses in grey and red look charming, and the military khaki-girls appear business-like and smart. Then again, there are the pretty overalls and caps of the canteen workers. There are 500 ladies at the canteen put up by the Borough of Marylebone on the Shakespeare site, working under those able organizers Mrs. Dupe and Mr. Brice, who wear delightful raspberry cotton overalls, and black caps, that are most becoming. These women do long-hour shifts, and there are four shifts in twenty-four hours. That place, like most of the

Y.M.C.A. centres, is open all day and all night, and tended by ladies without remuneration.*

* Extract from *Daily Sketch*, 9TH SEPT., 1917.

THE CHANGE IN ARMY MORALS.

Lord French Contrasts The Old Soldier With The New.

STORIES OF HIS EARLY DAYS.

Tribute To Mrs. Alec-Tweedie And The Women Of The Empire.

Lord French was in a reminiscent humour yesterday when he opened the Leslie Tweedie memorial lounge attached to the Y.M.C.A. Shakespeare hut in Gower-street, and also the Kensington, Westminster and Marylebone huts at the same place, erected under the Alec-Tweedie Hut Scheme.

Many years ago, when he first joined the Army—"I don't like to remember how long it is, but it's a very long time," said Lord French—the only refuge of the soldier was the canteen.

In those days they had the old soldiers who practically lived on beer. It used to be quite a common thing for an old soldier to sell his dinner to a recruit and buy beer with the proceeds.

It was something like 35 years since the founders of the Y.M.C.A. began their work, and the change that had come over the Army during that time had been little short of miraculous.

A Courage never surpassed.

A few years before the war the change manifested itself in a most remarkable manner, especially with regard to the diminution of crime.

Drunkenness used to be a most prevalent crime in the Army, and they used to have strings of defaulters outside the orderly room waiting to be punished for drunkenness.

"You hardly ever see a drunken soldier now, and in many other directions the work of these institutions upon the spiritual and moral development of the soldier is very marked, and has been clearly proved.

"When I was Commander-in-Chief in France for some 18

months I realized what these institutions and this work had done for soldiers. It was at that stage on the fields of battle that these men showed what different men they were.

"This war has demanded more in the way of nerve and courage from our men than any war that has happened in the history of the world. The most constant courage and endurance have had to be exercised every moment of day and night.

"No bit of ground is secure from the long-range high explosive shells, and yet our men, all through that, have shown a splendid and magnificent courage which you all know of.

"One cannot but remember that the old soldiers of the past were splendid, but they certainly never surpassed the splendid courage shown in this war: and one cannot help thinking perhaps it is to be traced to the work of these institutions.

"It has been said our men do not fear death like they used to; but I believe there are things which they fear very much more.

"I think, however, their whole spiritual and ideal side has been developed, and the valour and courage and glorious pluck that they have shown in this war are the reason and result of it."

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's Fine Example.

The lounge opened by Lord French has been presented by Mrs. Alec Tweedie to the Y.M.C.A. in memory of her son, Second-Lieut. Leslie Kinloch Tweedie, who was killed in action in France while serving under him in January of this year.

Lord French expressed to Mrs. Tweedie and those who had worked with her to erect these four adjoining huts, his warmest thanks for the great efforts which they had made throughout the war for the benefit in every way of the fighting soldier.

Mrs. Tweedie had, he thought, furnished something like 125,000 volumes for Camp Libraries. She had been largely instrumental in establishing Y.M.C.A. huts and marquees in the area of war, many of them quite close to the fighting line.

That lounge was dedicated by Mrs. Tweedie to one of her young sons who lost his life in France. Mrs. Tweedie had also another son, formerly in that splendid old regiment the 10th Hussars, who was now in the Royal Flying Corps at the front. He thought she and her family had shown a very fine example of national duty.

Devotion of the Women.

Turning from Mrs. Tweedie to the women of the Empire generally, Lord French said he could not say how deeply he admired and appreciated the splendid devotion they had shown throughout the war—devotion which had been shown in every variety of ways.

They had worked throughout the campaign in all sorts of occupations, no matter how menial or small.

They had raised funds, organized places like that hut, and had assisted in all kinds of work in the most splendid manner.

There was also their dutiful work among the sick and wounded.

It was difficult to talk of it; but he was quite sure, when all this came to be chronicled, the work of the women would shine among some of the brightest pages in our national history."

This was the first time Lord French had ever been inside a Y.M.C.A. Hut.

Later, the Shakespeare particularly sheltered Australians and New Zealanders, for every Dominion was gradually allotted its own particular club home in London. The ladies who attended upon these men cooked a thousand eggs a day, and everything else in proportion, did everything, in fact, necessary for a club open day and night for two years. And always wore their becoming uniforms, with smiling faces to cheer those wonderful sailors and soldiers fighting so nobly to maintain the great British Empire. Those ladies did it all voluntarily as their bit of war work. Their dress lent distinction and usefulness, and demanded respect as a uniform invariably does. Those women were proud, as all workers always should be proud, of a dress they had earned the right to wear.

How much better the little typists and clerks would look if they all wore a uniform, instead of every conceivable shape and misshape and colour of blouse; as often as not soiled at the wrists. Tawdry finery is the hall-mark of the usual working-class girl, while the factory hand has been known to pull out her mirror, puff-box and rouge in the middle of a twelve hours' night shift on a fourteen consecutive nights' job. The factory hand luxuriated in thin silk stockings for at least two years: then Mr. Lloyd George prohibited their import, as many extra thousands of tons of them were being brought in, and the space so taken up was required for food. And while the factory hand had taken to silken hose, patent leather boots, and light cloth tops, the lady had taken to Balbriggan and thick-soled shoes.

It is a strange anomaly, by the way, that while men from overseas were flirting with typists, they were marrying domestics. They knew that the only possible wife for the Colonies is one who can cook, and sew, and wash,

and clean, and keep a decent house. Those men were marrying domestics in scores. Their soldier's pay was accumulating in Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, so that with that capital and well-trained girls—well trained in housework—by their sides, they could go off to found new homes and strengthen the ties with old England beyond the Seas.

We have, all of us, learnt economy. Many of us know we can manage with half the amount we had before. A woman "never has any clothes;" she only indulges in absolute necessities. We find the best bits of two old dresses make one useful new one; that two old hats, with a brim chopped off here, or a bit added there, turn into a mighty smart toque under able manipulation. We have learnt to revel in the pleasure of a well-darned heel as a triumph and a joy; and yet, alas, there are thoughtless ones wearing white gloves and white tulle scarves. Tulle in war time is a crime, so is white ermine in a London fog. If ladies wear short skirts and hats a little tilted, the typewriter girl wears shorter skirts and hats on edge. She is a cult of her own and will live on a bun to buy a blouse. The word "moderation" is unknown to her, she eats too little and dresses (outside) too much. But on the other hand, unfortunately, some of the older women, especially the workers for good causes, wear anything and dress anyhow. The one is as grave a fault as the other. All excess is bad. The slovenly down-at-heel female has a slovenly down-at-heel mind. Soap and water, hair-pins and brush, will do marvels, and the mere feeling of being smart makes one's mind feel tidy and one's thoughts orderly.

A few war economy inspirations make alarming reading.

Babies.—Parents ought to be given a bonus, at the

rate of twenty per cent. on their income, for every baby that reaches the end of its first year, and ten per cent. rebate in some form till each child reaches the age of eighteen. It might save a thousand babies' lives a week.

Cats.—Cats and dogs, except selections from special breeds, should be exterminated. Cats consume much milk that is wanted for the babies.

Blouses.—Only a new blouse for an old blouse, or a new hat for an old hat, the discarded ones to pass to a poorer person (started in Germany four months later).

Shop Windows.—Put a stop to window-dressing, which wastes the labour of men and women and spreads temptation in the eyes of foolish people, offering a standing invitation to the extravagant. Shop windows should be bare, and only necessities on sale inside.

Boots.—Before the end of 1917, Parliament was agitating the question whether, in view of the shortage of leather, women should be allowed high boots at all, and then decided they shouldn't, except for military and agricultural work.

Soaps.—Scents, fancy soaps, vanity bags, with all such toilet superfluities, should be swept clean off the market. Perfumes at 45*s.* and 75*s.* a bottle were still advertised in 1917.

Luxury.—The luxury trades, beads and baubles, exist very largely for women: let women help on the war by insisting on their abolition till peace reigns again. Hands engaged on such manufacture should be employed elsewhere.

Fruit.—Oranges at 6*d.* and lemons at 4*d.* ought not to be sold publicly, but kept for the hospitals.

Chocolates over 2*s.* a pound should be strictly taboo. Callow lieutenants are spending fortunes—or at any rate

several days' pay—upon them, just to gratify "little bits of fluff."

Taxes.—While private persons are paying 5*s.* income tax, trade is flourishing and profiteering. A brewery has made as much as 500 per cent. Let trade suffer as well as small income holders. At a general meeting of a well-known hotel company a declaration was made of largely increased war profits. Surely excess profits should be only permitted on a properly arranged scale fair to all, and money-lenders and usurers should be forbidden altogether.

Trains.—Let railway travelling for pleasure be entirely stopped. Let us all have passports as in Russia and America, and announce ourselves to the police as in Germany; don't let us travel about unless we have a permit as in France, and can show good reason for our journeying.

War is war, and every man and woman should do his or her bit for the country, to bring about such a peace and victory as will *end war for all time.*

Uniforms.—Put every female clerk, munition worker, or wage earner of any kind into a cheap, simple uniform, such as ladies wear at canteens.

Adopt sumptuary laws, not only for 7-inch boots.

Shut every jewellery shop, and only permit the sale of watches and wedding rings.

Forbid any one making anything personal that most people can do without.

Forbid any one selling anything that is not of national necessity.

Furnishing.—Forbid re-furnishing, re-painting, and the weaving or making up of handsome brocades for curtains, etc.

Furs.—Prohibit the sale of costly furs, and ball dresses and opera cloaks, valuable pictures or bric-a-brac.

Stop the manufacture of kid gloves, especially light ones.

Clothes.—While any man and woman has a suit, let them use it until it literally falls to pieces.

Close underwear shops with fine *crêpe de chine* "nighties" that require a dressing-gown to make them warm or decent. Who buys "nighties" at five to seven guineas apiece? Why, cocottes who want to entice men, or men who want to entice women.

A stewardess on the Pacific Ocean once said—

"We know the ladies by their underclothing—their things are always plain and good; and we know the bad women by theirs, and by the stink of scent in their cabins."

War produces strange anomalies.

A girl clerk in the War Office received a letter from a young officer at the front to whom she was engaged, saying he was sending her something to wear for Christmas. That he had seen a catalogue of pretty things in the trenches and had written home. He was longing to see her in them.

She thanked him very much, and said she would keep the blouse in lavender till his return, so that it should be fresh and pretty for his arrival, when he should see her in it.

A box arrived. Behold! when she opened it, she discovered a lace be-ribboned *crêpe de chine* "nightie."

Her breath was taken away. She remembered her letter, and then she remembered his letter, and her cheeks burnt. So that was the sort of man he was—well she would have none of him. She could never respect a man who did not respect her, and a polite little note informed him the engagement was terminated and his ring on its way back. The moment a girl accepts

money or clothes from a man, he inwardly despises her, and later plays her some dirty trick.

So the trenches are where superfluous catalogues find their anchorage. Surely all such catalogues and advertisements should be stopped for the war. They involve paper, labour, and postal extravagance.

Prohibit every superfluous trade, and its re-opening will find instant work for men and women when peace is signed.

"What a drear world you propose!" says the reader.

Yes, but set your teeth, get on with the war, and bring Peace into the world, for however drear our home-life may be, it cannot be as drear as the trenches, or life below the sea, or in the icy air.

Premium Bonds.—Issue Premium Bonds at once. There is nothing wrong in an honest gamble controlled by Government.

Allow no tips except those given in Government Bonds.

Allow no deposits at banks. Make the banks take up bonds automatically for their clients.

Stage.—Forbid expensive scenery or elaborate clothes on the stage. Both waste money and employ labour.

Aliens.—Intern all aliens left at large, and make every one of them work for the State.

Make every prisoner work hard or forfeit his food.

Golf Courses.—Plant every golf course and race course with potatoes, and let the elderly members of the clubs do the planting on Sundays.

Play the Game.—Let us women, every one of us, play the game. Play for the field and not our individual wicket. Those who don't work must eat less, drink less, and buy less.

"*Standard Dresses.*"—Lovely, isn't it? "Economy dresses!" What about them?

1914.—Dresses long and very tight.

1915.—Shortening and broadening.

1916.—The older the woman the shorter her dress, and the poorer the girl the fuller its pleats. Still talking economy, still introducing alterations of fashion that cannot possibly be managed, so half the women of the land threw their tight skirts away.

1917.—Skirts shorter and fuller.

1918.—Economy says, "They must be longer and tighter." Result: only the women who had kept their old 1914 pre-war dresses were in the fashion. They found themselves "just it." The others had to buy new wardrobes, or unless sensible, rich and prosperous, did not dare to go about out of fashion. Thirty-shillings-a-week girls rushed off and bought tight skirts. It is their religion to be fashionable.

1919.—Still to come. Economy—world's shortage of shipping—less wool, cotton, and silk, but economy will decree the tight skirt quite *démodé*. "Suppose we have them enormous at the top and tight at the feet, so that none of the last four years can possibly be utilized," says the dressmaker.

And so we go on. Once they said "Keep a thing seven years and it will be the fashion;" now one might say, "Keep it seven months and it will be the very newest."

Who alters the fashions about every three weeks in war time? Why, the thirty-shillings-a-week girls, so as to inveigle new hats and blouses out of the soldiers.

Food.—War ration luncheons and war ration suppers are good for all of us, and now that so many of us have learnt to cook small things on small stoves, we know how easily tasty little dishes can be made with lentils and beans. It is cheery to eat in company, and one masticates slower, which is good for the digestion. So let us

invite our friends to pot luck, even though there is sometimes more pot than luck about it.

Let us spare those friends, while gently urging a similar abstinence on their part, one topic—that of our silly little individual grievances.

The question of butter for tea is not climacteric. Even under the loss of a favourite tobacco or a diminution of scented soap, one may live on to a ripe old age. An imperfection in the shape of one's boot-toe, sad as it is, need not utterly break one's spirit. Under these and similar trials let us nerve ourselves to repeat inwardly the heroic, "Equanimity, equanimity," of Marcus Aurelius.

Little grievances should not be like bubbles in a soda-water bottle—all rushing to the top, fizzily aggressive. Never air a grievance. It estranges friends, and instead of culling sympathy is an excuse for leaving you alone. More often than not, the grievance is of your own imagining.

Ailments.—And, while one is turning worrisome lecturer, do listen to another word of wisdom: Never, never, never talk of your ailments, your appendix, or your new gold tooth-crown. All these, to you immensely vital matters, merely bore your neighbour to tears. Allot the time so often spent or mis-spent on such dreary detail to spirited war work.

Racing.—While our men folk fought for our lives, our children's lives, and incidentally for their own against scientific ruffianism, we women were being tempted by insistent advertisements to squander money on what we didn't want. We didn't want to go to races; but racing news was given in detail in every paper until some of us began to hanker after a race, just as thousands and tens of thousands still thronged football

matches in the North for three winters, and betted accordingly. The New South Wales Government has put a super-tax on bookmakers to the tune of 3*d.* in the £, and doubled the tax on betting tickets. The increased tax, it is estimated, will bring in an additional £45,000.

Why can't we do likewise?

Don't save seems the cry of Great Britain. Why should a workman save?

If he does, he becomes one of the *hated capitalists.* If he doesn't, the State pays for him—

At birth,
Feeds him,
Washes him,
Educates him,
Hospitals him,
Pensions him, and
Buries him.

Take a self-respecting little person who saves for his old age. The moment he has saved £130 a year to live on, down come the tax collectors and punish him for his thrift.

Idle Rich.—If the *idle rich* save, the idle poor mulct him of his savings to pay the above, and no one medically treats the poor idle rich free, or educates his children free, or buries him free, or does anything free. Instead, every one expects him to tip every one for doing everything.

Surely there is something wrong? Taxes must be misapplied.

Free gifts must be on a wrong foundation. The whole monied system must want readjusting.

Parliament.—A mere woman would shut Parliament, with its oft-time silly chatter, during the war. Let sound

and necessary committees do their work as usual, and let suitable capable women sit on these committees.

Politicians and diplomats should settle what is required.

Sailors and soldiers should be consulted, get their orders, and then be left to carry them out without interference, let, or hindrance from men who know nothing of their technical work.

Self-advertisement.—All ministerial self-advertisements should be stopped, and they should be told to dismiss their "publicity men."

Newspapers should be reduced to one sheet of news in tabloid form, with long dramatic accounts of valour and sacrifice. People had broadsheets a hundred years, and only in America and Great Britain do the public pay for sheets and sheets of superfluous paper, and boresome advertisements from tobacconists, stay-makers, blouse shops, shoe shops, moneylenders or patent medicine-sellers. These advertisements alone show the enormous profits the vendors are making, and the space occupied shows the enormous profits the newspapers are reaping. Trade circulars have been stopped in theory, yet after 1250 days of war some one wrote to the papers to say that he had just received four circulars weighing six ounces, although he was told there was no paper in the country, and the post office was short handed.

Too Clever.—Forbid advertisements in the papers. They are coining money, because manufacturers—even those of motors, though there is no petrol to spare and private cars have disappeared—are paying huge prices for advertisements, so as to save super-tax and pretend the *ads.* are part of their "expenses." Clever—eh?

Jobs.—Let us insist that in public offices no blood relations or relatives by marriage may be put into

"jobs." We have whole families shoving one another along; such a state of things is a menace.

Tackle the men and women in every factory, educate them to patriotism, teach them how to save, and pay them their separation allowances in War Loan, whenever practicable, as a future life insurance.

Propaganda.—Let us have a colossal propaganda that will appeal to the populace. Military parades, too, in every town, of men from the front, of tanks, aeroplanes, Zepps, munition girls, everything that appeals. Let us arouse their imagination and their sympathy. Let us shower pamphlets, booklets, pictures, and moving cinematographs—anything to instruct, inspire, and enthuse the fighter abroad and the worker at home. Half the German success is the result of propaganda, our success has been handicapped for the want of its publicity and guidance. As a nation we lack imagination.

Men-shoppers.—A man ought never to go into a shop at any time. At least a clothing shop for either men's or women's things. He simply can't say "No," and is always too shy to ask the price. He buys socks and ties and pyjamas he doesn't want. He imagines the bill will be shillings, instead of pounds, and is horrified when it arrives months later. See him among female fripperies. The young lady smiles on him as she says, "This hat suits madame beautifully." She has never seen madame before, and has no sort of idea what suits madame or would be appropriate in madame's life; but she knows that, as monsieur has been brought out, monsieur is intended to spend, and she is ready to do her share in helping him to do so.

Men in shops are like schoolboys kept in on a half-holiday. They will agree to anything to get away.

Women—please note this, dear Messrs. Makers of Laws—women would close half the shops right away.

"*Closed for the period of the war*" is the announcement of an honourable action, and every day on which all superfluous trades are shut down is a day gained towards Victory.

Isn't it worth while?

At Christmas, 1917, a Minister said—

"We may have to stop superfluous luxuries, which employ people who might be employed elsewhere."

Delicious idea. A man had at last realized that tens of thousands of people had been employed for three and a half years in making things the nation should do without, and using material that should be left alone, or used elsewhere, and certainly never imported in such a war. Yes, do away with the tempting advertisements—and close the luxury shops. One woman anyway pleaded for this in the Press in the twentieth month of the war. But the first Minister even to mention it did so thirty-nine months after war began.

An officer home on leave lately remarked—

"Every time I get home, the women seem to have less on their ankles and necks, and more on their shoulders—give me the uniform girl." And he took one, for he became engaged to a girl who drove a car for the War Office. Apropos of that, women have for months been, as said, driving every type and kind of Government car; while, as bus conductors, they have proved so much more nimble and polite than the men, that we hope never to see the latter at the job again; and if the taxi men go on being as independent as they are, we may begin to feel the same about them, and pray for the day when they cease to exist. Our taxi-drivers are nearly as

rude as they are in Paris, and no worse could be said of any body of men.

What rather gave one to think already in the third spring of a devastating war was the "Draper's Record"; a mighty volume of 250 pages, which assured us that more money was spent by women on clothes, especially underclothes, in 1917 than in 1915.

Is this playing the game?

We know that the super-best West End shops, and Court dressmakers, and such like, have been badly hit, because their customers have been sufficiently patriotic to buy but little and content themselves with garments out of date; but that the second, third, and fourth-class shops should have been turning out more stuff than ever, argues ill for the patriotism of the young women of the country. Many of them may have wasted their earnings from ignorance of the country's needs. If so, societies like the *Duty and Discipline Movement* and *Thrift* should be encouraged by the Government to stump the country and educate our uneducated lower and lower middle classes.

The *duty* of Economy has already been dwelt upon; will it surprise you to hear that a measure of *enjoyment* also is inherent in the practice of that homely virtue?

Is one, in preaching economy, saying hard things, thrusting counsels of perfection upon an unwilling listener? No—because a real pleasure—a subtle, yet keen pleasure, commonly little enough staled by custom—forms part of the cult of economy. If most people prefer the cruder, more obvious pleasure of extravagance well and good; but seeing that they must now surrender that shining beatitude, let them realize that the more sober-tinted economy side will yield a deal more wholesome satisfaction than they had dreamed. Moreover, it

is not a case of preaching what one has not practised. Leaving a sixteen-roomed house (entered as a young bride), after two sons had joined the war within a week of its declaration, the writer migrated to a six-roomed flat, and for over a year slept alone in that flat, and learnt to cook. There was nothing heroic in doing either, and yet the upheaval of an entire life always seems of some little moment to our own little selves.

We have suffered and learnt to sympathize. We have suffered and learnt to think. We have suffered and learnt to act. And we have all learnt to work.

Each individual life is like a stone dropped into a pool. It spreads mere tiny ripples of good or evil; but the pool and the world are never quite the same again. Every act brings its reward in this complex existence.

Every good action helps the world; every bad one adds its stain. We feel so small, such "nothings," and yet all of us are something, and all of us should try to leave a little good behind when we pass on.

Most people would say that the pleasure of extravagance is discreditable but delightful, and these people would be right. Extravagance is spending more than one ought, indulging in more than one should, and only too often paying the penalty afterwards, both in gold and in conscience. The pleasure of economy is quite a new cult. It saves gold (which no longer exists) and is balm to conscience.

Isn't the acquisition or polishing of a new faculty always a delight? Nothing is more pleasurable than the first mastery of swimming, or the adding of a new figure to a modest list of accomplishments on skates. Again, failing the best, the next best is apt to assume a surprising charm of its own.

To return to our clothes: the woman who always

bought that extra yard is scoring heavily now. She can put in new side-pieces, or top sleeves, or a band round the skirt, and renovate her old garment till it is nearly as good as new. The clever woman can cut up her old evening dresses into blouses and petticoats. She can naphtha her gloves a dozen times, and wash her gauze necks in soapsuds, dip in tea and iron while damp, as well as any ladies' maid of yore. Ladies' maids find no place in the household to-day; every one has learnt to be useful, not merely ornamental, and we are never likely to return to the days of eight, ten, or twelve servants, each waiting on the other, and the stillroom with all its etiquette and requirements and attentions.

Ladies in canteens now stand over steaming water and greasy plates washing up for hours on end, polishing brass, or cleaning floors, and they know practically, and not only theoretically, all about it.

And we have all learnt that six pounds of sugar per head per week could never have been consumed as cook led us to believe.

And now let us peep at economy in homes.

The days of large houses and huge staffs of domestics have gone. The regal homes of England are shut. They may never be opened again. Certainly the town homes requiring eight or ten servants will remain closed for ever. No mistress is going to be bothered. She knows how quickly things can be done in a canteen, and well done, too, by educated ladies, and she won't stand the "gentleman's gentleman's airs" or the "lady's ladies' maids' graces." She won't pay for five or six under servants merely to wait upon three or four upper ones. And probably 75 per cent. of the landed gentry are ruined.

But the closing of large houses must, alas! do away with—

> Model farms—Fine forestry—Shooting and fishing, largely at least—Hunting—Heirlooms—Art treasures, and—Adornments that belong to tradition. And with these material things must go some of the ideals, sentiments, instincts of good breeding and refinement that are so closely correlated with them.

Co-operative housekeeping, as will be demonstrated in a later chapter, will be the consequence of these changes, and co-operative homes will be a great incentive to the pleasures of economy.

CHAPTER VI

BABIES BY THE DOZEN

War babies—German polygamy—Baby's life—The Jewel Fund—Comradeship in marriage—Men and babies—Pretty doll-wife: girls' ignorance—Order: Thrift: Economy—Thrift not meanness—Mothers' pensions—"Nobody's children"—Underpayment of women—Women on councils—Women's Municipal Society—Riot of war matinées—A busy life—Committees within committees—Women as "fighting units"—Lloyd George the country's hero—Conscription—Cremation for £5 universal.

WHAT a lot we heard about war babies; and what a lot of nonsense it all was! Our birth rate has decreased 19 per cent. since the war, the German birth rate is down 50 per cent.; hence the Prussian rabbit warren promiscuity now ordered by the State. Heaven forbid that Britain should ever sink so low.

Whatever kind of children will these little fatherless, homeless Germans be? Conceived without love, reared in military hospitals, drilled from babyhood to be soldiers, to repeat the awful crimes against civilization which their fathers have committed since 1914, and which those fathers are ready to commit again, if we are to believe a great German General (von Freytag-Loringhoven) who wrote a book (autumn, 1917) to say what the Fatherland will do in "the next war in ten years' time." Ye Gods, the next war! The Allies' Victory must teach Germany more sanity. We mothers cannot have babies to see them butchered by the bayonet, or drowned in icy waters.

A pamphlet by Karl Forges, a septuagenarian bachelor, has been printed in Cologne called "The Secondary Marriage as the only means for the creation of a New and Powerful Army and the purification of Morality." This philosophical document preaches polygamous and polyandrous unions to refill the Prussian military butchers' shop. The secondary wife is to wear a wedding ring—rather smaller than the other wife's—as a symbol of respectability to the Fatherland, and her union is not to be binding by the law. The husband may only take her by permission of the principal wife, with whom she is to live side by side. If these unmarried parents like to keep the children they can, if not, the State will take them over and train them to serve the Fatherland. Why stop at two wives, they say? Why not go on taking more and more wives until the thickness of the wedding ring finally disappears altogether? The Mohammedan has four wives if he can afford it. Result: women mere slaves, children, in that lowest grade at least, but a missing link between the animal kingdom and so-called civilization.

So the German spinsters must bear children for the State to adopt. Above all things must we abominate and eschew the German polygamy and prostitution of to-day.

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Babies are as amusing as puppies; but both grow up, and then comes the rub, and troubles begin.

There is one sure indication of faulty parenthood—muddle in the home. Have you ever noticed how muddle breeds muddle?

The pretty, doll-like, stupid, untidy wife rears stupid, doll-like, untidy girls, just as the brutal or bad-tempered man rears brutal or timid, slinking, deceitful boys. And children, thus bungled and mishandled, perpetuate the

initial mischief by having muddled homes of their own, with an ill-reared progeny to match.

Even to the best fathers and mothers the rearing problem must always be one of supreme difficulty. They have to build up that vitally important edifice Character—in other words educated will.

It is not easy to explain the border lines between—extravagance and meanness—greediness and asceticism—temper and character—lies and politeness—honesty and stupidity—cleanliness and fidgetiness.

No matter how much a man (or woman) does for his parents, he can never, never repay all his parents did for him—more especially his mother. Why should not Mother-worship be taught insistently, and Mother-day be celebrated yearly? Love for a mother should be held the greatest and most sacred of all loves.

The most difficult and exhausting profession in the world is that of wife and mother.

Men liked women to be incapable before the war, hence the number of senseless fluffy dolls. Men have expected women to be capable of everything since the war, hence the number of wonderful women to be seen everywhere. The same women, merely changed. They have cast aside the helplessness that pleased men, and evinced wondrous capability to help the war and the world. Women are crews to-day, not merely passengers, for they man the oars.

We don't want extra babies; we haven't got room for them. We do want to keep alive and sound in health and limb, those we possess.

It sounds horrible, doesn't it, to think the world has been spendthrift in babies—but it's true.

There were 188 per thousand English child deaths in 1916, and the birthrate has dropped to half what it was forty years ago.

The population of Europe has been depleted by war. Men have been sacrificed to Prussian militarism, and the only way to replace our population is to jealously guard and keep what we now have. There are plenty of recurring babies, let us keep them alive instead of letting them die before they are a year old. No longer must 930,000 people (composed of 300,000 families) live in one or two-roomed tenements as they now do in one part of London. In such cases infant mortality rises to the hideous figure of 200 per thousand. And America has worse slums.

If we want more healthy babies (God forbid we should have diseased ones!) the country must realize that poor women cannot bear the strain unless they are helped by free attendance, bonuses, fresh milk for the young child, a rebate in taxes, and houses more suitable for large families, and the institution of national schools of mother-craft.

One hundred and four boys are born to one hundred girls, and yet in a few days there are more living girls than boys. Much of this might be avoided by widely spread knowledge and care. We need to help and ease the poor mother in every possible way: she has been the country's drudge and man's slave for centuries.

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Now let us be good, don our thinking caps, and see what might be done.

Co-operation in the homes in these days of complexity is inevitable. The plans must be arranged now, the fulfilment must be attained as soon as the dogs of war are chained. Life is changed for all of us.

I used to say I hated porridge. I used to say I

never would or could cook. It shows what a fool I was. War taught me to like the first, and become quite proficient at the second—even to making pastry in an air raid. The new ideal of comradeship in marriage will certainly make smoother the task of parenthood. For every human creature needs freedom for full development of character, and the housewife—with the husband affording sympathy and taking his share in the house labour—not merely playing with the baby, but helping to wash it and carry it out—will be spared the worst strain of her task, its unresting, nerve-racking continuity.

Surely it is the man's job to push the pram and carry the baby, only he doesn't always see it! He is physically stronger than the woman, and whenever it is possible he should save her strength. It is pitiable to see sickly women carrying heavy children on their Sunday outing and the men calmly doing nothing but smoke; for one knows that the wife has cooked the breakfast, cleaned the rooms, washed and dressed the children, and is more fit to sit down and doze than carry the last-born bundle of many pounds weight on her so-called holiday outing.

Men must learn to be proud of their children in practice, not merely in theory, and share the burden—double their own burden in fact—to ease the woman who has given a year of health and strength and happiness for that child. Children have been one constant handicap to the woman through the ages.

As less a slave-woman she will be more developed, more efficient. Thus only can her home life be happy. The greater the freedom, the greater the willingness for needful routine work, the stronger the pull-back and grip of the home ties. The attainment of privacy, often enough a difficult matter in the small home, is an aim

worth striving for. Every effort is worth while that results in increased privacy for each individual occupant, so that he or she may enjoy the peculiar solace which appertains to "one's own room;" and if one can't have a room, have a partition, or a screen, or even a curtain.

And always the woman who works hard, whether with hand or head, is the best mother; she passes on her developed virtues to her son or daughter. The pretty, incapable doll—the Dora Copperfield—is the stupidest wife and the worst possible mother.

Even with the heavier cooking largely done for her, which let us hope will be the case ere long, the wife has still what amounts to a professional task, involving care, knowledge, and judgment—that of buying the household necessaries. She must practise, in all directions, home lore. Home lore, be it remembered, includes those three crucial items—Order, Thrift, Judgment.

Thrift does not spell meanness, nor even, necessarily, cheapness. It means reasonable care, common sense, the spending of money in a well-considered, judgmatic fashion. A cheap purchase may be bad economy.

Tidiness is in itself a kind of bookkeeping. It is the twin brother of Thrift.

The busier the parent, the more need she has for the practice of both, the art of keeping everything, even to a trifle, in its place. That means time-and-trouble saving, worry saving. What is more wearing than a search for anything at the last minute? Such a life is a procession of querulous outbursts and nerve storms.

Economy is saving in superfluities.

Greed is being extravagant in unnecessaries.

Meanness is being sparing in essentials.

Thrift is being just in the balance of spending—and of wasting nothing.

Naturally the coming of war found many women deficient in outside economic knowledge. All unwarned, they were hustled forth from their homes, which man's preaching had for generations laid down as their only harbour, and commanded—yes, commanded—into the labour market. Small wonder that money, handled for the first time, burnt holes in their pockets, and that they rushed into an orgy of silver bags and chiffons. The girls had never learnt to dress themselves or purchase good food, so frivolled away their money on adornment and pleasure, and week by week saved little from their earnings.

Beyond doubt this question of parenthood, and more especially motherhood, has risen to new prominence through the war. Moloch, adding hundreds of thousands to the ranks of the widows and orphans, has converted what was always a difficult problem into one insoluble without State Aid. The soldier's widow, if driven into the labour market for bread, must infallibly neglect her children, to the ruin of their future well-being and national usefulness. Childless widows are paid too much.

Early in September, 1917, Judge Neil of Chicago, a well-known worker upon Mothers' Pensions in his own country, delivered some weighty words on this head.

The State, he opines, assuming the right to tax property for educational purposes, has an equal right to taxation for the assurance of the proper feeding and rearing of the children so educated. Destruction of life is abnormal now not only on the fighting fronts, but through the over stress of munition and other workers. Yet the soldier can only fight by virtue of the munitioner's labour, and the latter's children are just as important to the State as those of the former.

"It is only a step from soldiers' pensions to widows' pensions, and that step was taken long ago. The further step to pensions for all mothers is but another shorter one."

One must lay stress upon the importance of women, who are now taking the place of men in the mills, being sent home, as soon as the war is ended, to the rearing and care of their children. All mothers, whether widows or not, should be comfortably situated enough to carry through that task properly. A Mothers' Pension Scheme is not Socialism, though it may be Paternalism.

The war-widows in Britain are being better cared for than war-widows ever were before under any pension scheme. In West Ham alone, after three years, fourteen hundred mothers are being looked after under a local mothers' pension system for industrial widows and orphans.

Let us see to it that such beneficent plans be extended far and wide, so that every baby in the country may have his fair start in the great race. Especially every child that is either an orphan or reared under such poverty-stricken conditions that the mother's one desire is to get it off her hands. By every possible means—if necessary by the creation of enrolling centres—motherless well-to-do women should be encouraged to adopt unfortunates of this stamp and train them—since heredity will out—according to their class. These two—the motherless child and the childless mother—may complete and fill up each other's lives. To further this end Mr. Bonar Law has ordained income tax abatement for adopted children. Let us take it to our hearts that it is an end worth striving for tooth and nail.

There are indeed thousands of "nobody's children" in England. Those of fathers killed in the war, or

illegitimate children, or foster children—all nobody's children. And yet there is little encouragement to adopt them, because the foster parent has no legal control, and the real parents may pop up at any moment and take them.

Adopted children have no legal claim. They can be cast off, or they can cast off their foster parents. This is not much encouragement to adopt a baby human instead of a baby dog. Why should the State not legalize adoption?

* * * * *

To help the nation to win the war, and meanwhile to support and hearten the boys at the front—are not these twin aims the pressing desire of every woman at the present moment? For every woman in the land is suffering: she is a wife, daughter, sister, *fiancée*, or platonic pal to some sailor or soldier. Somewhere or other—whether in France or Macedonia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, or Italy, or on the mine-strewn seas—she has yielded up a hostage to War.

Naturally with the first blast of the trumpets of war, every one's thoughts were with the men. The men who were to defend us must be started on their path with good-luck wishes in their knapsacks, and warm socks upon their feet, and have comfortable clubs provided with warmth, free newspapers and note-paper, and cheap food.

The women did that. They knitted and sewed, they collected money for huts, they scrubbed floors, cooked eggs by the tens of thousands, and sent Tommy off from home with a "homey" feeling in his heart to new clubs wherever Britons fought.

After three years of war it became the fashion to say, "The women are wonderful."

Soldiers, politicians, admirals, every one repeated it again and again, and yet what did they actually do for the women in return? They very, very reluctantly promised some of them a vote in the future. They invented a *British Empire Order*, and gave a few women its badge; but they did not open their committee rooms to women in equal numbers, or on equal terms, with men; and above all, they did not think it necessary to pay them the same wages for the same work in the same post that a man had just vacated.

Consider, too, the number of women admitted to councils and municipal bodies, all of which will be required to deal more actively with important questions of social reconstruction, such as housing, maternity, infant welfare, and so forth, after the war. The following list, showing the number of women serving at Christmas, 1917, on London Municipal Bodies, is illuminating:—

	No. of Men.	No. of Women.
L.C.C.	130	5
Borough Councils	1563	26
Guardians	693	137
Metropolitan Asylums Board	68	6
	2454	174

And all these women have had a hard and uphill fight to get there at all.

The number of women possessing the municipal franchise in London was, before the new electorate, approximately 118,000. From these figures it was evident that there was not adequate representation of the woman's point of view; and further, that the whole community was deprived of the services of women in many matters in which they could give valuable assistance, and in some of which they would probably prove

even more competent than men. It was to remedy this state of things that the Women's Municipal Party, under the presidency of the Duchess of Marlborough, was formed. That was the serious side; on the other, fashionable society enjoyed a perfect riot of war matinées in 1917. The most beautiful women came to the fore. As they could not speak they posed.

"You pat me on the back and say how beautiful I am on Monday, my dear, and I'll pat you on the back and say how lovely you are on Tuesday, my darling." And the guineas rolled in.

Two millionaires' wives met at one of these functions, and one said, the richer of the two—

"I took three seats upstairs, because, you see, for the same money I could give a little amusement to a friend."

"Oh!" replied the other, "I took five stalls downstairs and brought several friends besides, because it was a charity."

All the titled performers' names were of course in the papers, and a large proportion of the audience received like honour. The papers gained by advertisements, and the charity gained by the charity displayed.

Nevertheless it is undeniable that, high and low, the women have been magnificent, and so one must forgive the little foibles of the few.

Surely the women have done as much to win the war as the men; but then women are always constructive and men are generally destructive!

There have been two sets of women: those who worked too hard, and those who didn't work at all.

In tens of thousands women have nursed men back to life. They have cooked and scrubbed; they have worked in factories and risked their lives. Might not all these women be termed "fighting units," if only by courtesy,

for they have sent the shells and aeroplanes to the front, even helped to build the pantomimic "tanks," to say nothing of that greater contribution, their sympathy and willingness of sacrifice?

The war was begun without their sanction. The war is waged without their counsel. Peace will be signed almost without their knowledge, and yet women have paid the price in flesh and blood, aye, in their very own life's blood.

Mr. Lloyd George is an enthusiast. He always has been. Sometimes he has changed his views, for he always keeps an open mind; but once bitten with an idea he is not shy about carrying it out. The winning of the war has become an obsession with him. He is *determined* to win it—all honour to him. For over a year after his promotion to the premiership he stood as the hero of the country and leading figure of the Coalition. His famous Paris speech in November, 1917, went through Europe like a flame. May he go on and prosper.

In no regard have we excuse for slackness now. The war has opened all our eyes. It has made, through fire, a cleaner world. It has been a deadly war of chemicals and mathematics, planned in the laboratories. It has been a great devastating machine fed by death-dealing gases, flaming oils, and other horrors which the enemy, by their introduction against all the usages and decencies of civilized war, forced upon all combatants alike. The Kaiser is responsible for plunging the world into gore, and unthinkable as it seems, from that pool of blood a better world is emerging. And yet that very Germany, a quarter of a century before, had been poor, God-fearing, hard-working, sentimental, home-loving. Sudden wealth it could not stomach, and increased militarism made it drunk.

There are tens of thousands of wives of soldiers (and every decent man is a soldier of the nation to-day) who have behaved as soldiers. They have marched out to work where and when required. They have put their 15*s.* or 16*s.* separation allowances straight into the Post Office for when their men come home.

Nowadays—with Russia reduced to a cipher, and Italy barely emerged from the throes—no one can be a Pacifist; surely Pacifists must want to fight to such a finish that war and its horrors shall all be blotted out, to attain peace for generations, if not for ever. The Allies were forced into this war. The Allies have spent themselves upon the war, and the Allies must dictate the Peace. Our children and our children's children will be the beneficiaries.

Great Britain and France (with Russia before its revolution) bore the brunt of three and three-quarter years of war: that must never be forgotten.

Lloyd George tightened the Defence of the Realm Act, and did a dozen other strong things: why had he not the courage to tighten them still further?

Surely nothing we can do at home can be too drastic to speed up success across the seas; we have all suffered enough to be willing to suffer a great deal more in order to check once and for all this welter of blood letting, to secure a speedy, a thorough and lasting peace?

Then instead of playing with the outworks and appurtenances of organization, let us go down to its bedrock.

Let us put the whole nation—from sixteen to sixty—under Conscription—men and women alike, so that babies by dozens may be born into a better disciplined world.

For let us remember that our passing is the birth of another generation, and that the babies of to-day will be the parents of thirty years hence.

Even tiny tots should be taught war work by saving pennies and knitting.

Women who have done a little to help towards world peace and final disarmament, feel what a little it has really been, and long for some further means to show loyalty to our great old flag. Long for the day of their own conscription, so that they may no longer feel amateur workers, but real professional workers for the Motherland, and at last be cremated, at the expense of a five-pound note, and their pure white ash, rendered harmless to the future generations, placed in a little vase.

If one believes in an after life—a higher life—it is wrong to mourn, and it is selfish. Mourning clothes are distasteful to any one who believes in a life beyond, and mourning clothes are an insult to the brave boys who have laid down their lives in the full glory of their manhood for their country's ideals. They are not dead. Their inspirations and good deeds live. They have not died, they have slipped into immortality.

CHAPTER VII

MARTIAL LAW AND WOMEN

Why Martial Law?—Decent men and women—Wave of goodness—Women's task—Naughty fourteen—Juvenile crime—Duty—Women police—Colonials and servants—Underpayment of workers—Lord Gorell and drink—Russia, vodka: an example—Cheap food—Country's extremity woman's opportunity—Emigration after war—Martial Law and our streets—Mexico City—Education by cinema—What war has taught us—New Year found thin end of Military Law.

AND why Martial Law?

Because Civil Law does not apparently go far enough, and the need of more restraint is, in some directions, pressing. Among the younger people especially.

The war, it is true, has brought about a comradeship between the sexes that is to be encouraged, for the more men and women meet as companions and friends, the less they will meet to the harm of both. Decent men and women improve one another, amuse one another, inspire one another. But loose women are a plague spot, and every woman who lets herself "go" is as bad as a German spy, and a traitor, not only to her sex, but to her country. Help your men folk—add dignity to life.

Let us remember, too, that despite the ills of this black war-time, a great wave of good—not mere "goodiness," but real goodness—has spread over the British nation, perhaps from the contemplation of the wave of Prussian evil. Men who have never thought of their Creator or a

life beyond, who have never paused to think of higher things or nobler actions, have been brought face to face with such stern tragedy that all that is best in them has sprung into life. They have done deeds of heroism they could not have dreamed themselves capable of. They have prayed to God. A God unknown to them a year before. The more vile the Prussian felon strokes, the more chivalrous, valorous, and religious our men become.

People say religion failed in war; but a greater religion was born, the New Religion of Humanity. The uplifting of soul, the opening of hearts, the sympathy of mind, courage, patriotism, unselfishness, belief in a future. Verily out of evil sometimes cometh good. The scenes at the front have stamped out much bad thought and inclination from men's minds. As a wounded boy said: "I never criticize any one now, nurse; not since I've been under fire."

Men have become disciplined, punctual, sober, clean, obedient; quick in action, physically better, and more considerate. In the firing line a man knows that any moment may be his last. To be constantly face to face with death, must, and does, alter a man. While in daily, momentary peril he is perhaps unconsciously building up ideals. These men are looking to happier, purer, better homes on their return from battle, for peace at home and peace beyond the seas.

Are these men to be disappointed?

Are the women at the lathe, or plying their needles or nursing the wounded, going to fail them, or fail to surround themselves with that feeling of right and beauty, of cleanliness and order, thrift and comfort, that these men are looking for?

A great task lies before Imperial women, both here in the old homeland and across the seas.

But while our best men and our best women are toiling, children of fourteen—let loose at least a couple of years too soon from the schools, their so-called education over—are running wild about the streets, and falling into mischief. They are uncontrolled. Their fathers are in khaki—their mothers are often away. Juvenile crime is rife. Alas! hooligans are made between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Would it not be possible to enrol every one of them, both boys and girls, as *Scouts or Guides*, and teach them their duty to their country?

All State-aided education should be for the benefit of the State. Reading, writing, and arithmetic till fourteen, and then technical, commercial, or domestic-science education until the age of sixteen, when every boy and girl would be of some value to the country instead of a drug. The brilliant ones should be helped still further. Only in very exceptional cases should children become wage-earners at fourteen, and then for two or three years more they should surely be obliged to attend classes suitable to their life-work. The continuation classes and night schools of America are the backbone of the States.*

We have heard a great deal of late years about our Rights, but little enough about our Duty.

The upper and middle classes learn something of duty at school; but in lower middle and lower class education the word "Duty" seems to be unknown.

Loose living among girls is necessarily encouraged by the huge influx of several million men under arms. All these men are away from their homes; they are cut adrift from their family ties, they are in strange surroundings and easily enticed, by the flapper alas, to mischief they do not seek. School left too young, want of proper

* Described in "America as I saw it."

and insistent so-called "night schools," all tend to mischief, develop the kind of girls who end their days, degraded, stained, diseased, in the river or the workhouse. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's projected extensions of school years will be a godsend indeed.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, the magistrate, in his farewell speech, said that we were more civilized than fifteen years ago, but that the state of juvenile crime during the war has made many people anxious, who were not aware that nothing could be done with the boy or girl between fourteen and sixteen. They could not be whipped or imprisoned, and magistrates hesitated to send them to a reformatory for five years.

Youth is short. Old age is long. Let us guard and train our youth, remembering daily and hourly that they are the future builders of the Empire for which we are now fighting.

There are, of course, soldiers' wives with too much money and nothing to do, who are showing a bad example to younger women. Here the women police and patrols can, and do, take responsibility. Norway, Canada, and America started women police. England thought it ridiculous. War came. Miss Damer Dawson arose. From the middle of 1915 to that of 1916 women police increased from 50 to 612, and now they are in thousands over the land; but we want them in tens of thousands, we want them for good and all. Think what they have done by their tact and wisdom to purge our railway stations of harpies, to protect children and girls in darkened streets; and think how much more there is for them to do.

In addition to these police-women there are now 8000 women patrols, working in twelve places in England and Wales. A subsidy of £400 a year assists the Women's

Patrol Committee to train these useful bodies, who often combine their work with that of women-police. Middlesbrough has 50 special constables drawn from the Women Patrols. In Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast and other places these are also doing invaluable work. Bristol has a training school.

Germany has mobilized her women just as she has mobilized her men, and if we mean to beat her greater population we should do the same, not only in theory but in practice. Many women of brains have offered their services, again and again, month after month, to the State and have been refused, or given inferior jobs and 25*s.* a week to live on, after spending a thousand pounds or more in acquiring the educational knowledge they possess. It is nearly as stupid to set a man accustomed to run a business to wash plates, as it is to put a man accustomed to wash plates in an administrative post. The same with women.

Many a girl has fallen through the insidious first offer of a box of chocolates, or a glass of wine at a supper party. She often knows nothing of sex or life, and the law does not protect her by insisting that every woman should be paid a wage on which she can live decently. Shops are often the worst culprits in this way; and the Post Office pays but 12*s.* to 15*s.* to many of its workers. And according to Miss Macarthur there were, not so long ago, 100,000 women working on Government munitions who had not yet been granted a living wage. Others are, as said, greatly overpaid; but let us see that none are asked to work for 8*s.* or 10*s.* a week, a sum on which no one can live, while boys are being paid 30*s.* to 60*s.* for the same number of hours and getting drunk on the money.

"Were it not for drink," said Lord Gorell, the

famous divorce judge, "the Divorce Court might close its doors."

Few of us realize man is the only animal that drinks when not thirsty.

It is true that drunkenness in our large towns has decreased during the last year or two, because people have had something else to think about; but from 1908 to 1914 it rose steadily year by year, not only among men, but alas! among women also. As we have decided to brew small beer, and less of it, during the war, could we not go a little further and stop the sale of spirits altogether?

Again, we were insistently requested to eat less meat, and for six weeks before Christmas, 1917, were living under the threat of meat tickets. Why were the populace not taught, a whole year before, cheap simple receipts for risottos, macaroni cheese, polenta, vegetable curries; vegetable, rice, or fish soups; cakes and pancakes without eggs; lentil cutlets, or any of those things that foreigners make so well, but which the ordinary English cook has never even heard of? Surely tens of thousands of classes should have been instituted all over the country to demonstrate how to cook nutritious, palatable meat substitutes.

They say woman has found herself. The plain truth is that man has at last discovered woman's versatility. To imagine that women are different creatures to what they were is ridiculous. They have had their chance, that's all. The country's extremity has been woman's opportunity. The country's extremity is surely the soldier's opportunity for passing Martial Law, for protecting youth and clearing up many scandals.

If Martial Law had been proclaimed as a military necessity to speed up the winning of the war, the dis-

graceful sights in our streets, the drugging and robbing of soldiers, and harmful effect of darkened roads, and much more, would have been avoided. Disease more deadly than murder (for to women and children it is often slow murder) could have been stamped out. It is never too late to remedy an evil.

Every diseased soldier is a "casualty." Every casualty is one man less in the fighting line, and surely his ill-doing and well-being should be under his superiors. Why not let the Services rule the Services without civilian interposition? Once the cook has her orders, she does her job in her own way—and the linendraper's assistant is not called in. Why should politicians and bishops interfere with soldiers and sailors? Men and women are not so much to blame who suffer through ignorance as the officials who blunder through want of pluck and organization. What Martial Law has done for our men in France, Martial Law can do for our men and women in England. We shall want babies; but babies born of diseased parents are murdered before their birth. No man or woman has the right to bring diseased, half-blind, paralytic, imbecile children into the world. Such risk to child life should be made impossible. A great man wrote: "We are in an awful state in this country, and the only outlet the writer can see is State control, with lectures in every camp and every factory, both to men and women."

Innocence is the devil's trump card.

This is the great opportunity for reform, and Martial Law might do much to protect our young men, our young women, and our children. Never let us forget for one moment these boys and girls are the parents of our next generation. It is for their children that our children are to-day laying down their lives.

This awful war may prove a blessing if we only treat it in the right way, and look ahead. We had become too absorbed in our own minor ailments and forgotten the greater suffering possible.

We have passed the fourth winter of the war.

En bloc the men have been splendid.

En masse the women have been superb.

Why spoil the ship for a hap'orth of tar?

A little more national unity and we may not have to face a fifth winter. Is it not worth any personal sacrifice?

The Defence of the Realm Act goes a long way; but it does not go nearly far enough. The country would embrace military rule as a blessing if it would purify our streets and save youth from vice; if it would stop drink, tell us how and where to work, and help us by every possible means to bring this cruel and devastating tragedy of battle to a victorious end.

Women would accept military rule with acclamation. Can any military inconvenience or control outweigh the heart-rends the women have been and are suffering? The military have only to tell us it is necessary, give their reasons, and get Parliament to enforce Martial Law, and every woman in the country would be with them, aye, and every soldier too. Women would do anything and suffer anything for a great and final victory.

CHAPTER VIII

THE OFFICIAL HUSBAND

Women's hysteria in war—The ten-minutes-engagement marriage—The plum posts—Nurses and honours—Courtship—Men gain everything, women lose—Why women marry—And men—Give and take—Ripe old age—Marriage not only haven—Separation and divorce—Ignorance the devil's helper—Whisky—Increase of marriages in U.K., decrease in Germany—Women and slavery—Loneliness—Widows and widowers.

SOME women, old and young, became hysterical with war.

They went out like cats on the tiles and shrieked madly.

They wanted to mate. Anything would do. No matter how unsuitable their frame of mind, they wanted to marry.

Every woman wanted a male creature to cling on to like a winkle, until the vast waters of the tide of war tore him away in its vortex. Every man wanted to talk to a woman, and—but few wanted to marry them.

The mark of indifference is often toleration, and enthusiasm the flame of interest.

Alas, yes, there are a handful of women who are like festering disease spots in a healthy body. These women are not all morally bad, but they are temporarily and temperamentally unbalanced, and they are not playing the game. One woman of that kind does as much harm in a week as the right sort does good in a month. She puts back the position of the whole sex. Men are still

only too glad of an excuse to amuse themselves anyhow, and despise the woman who merely amuses them.

Marriage may be, and is, a lottery; but war marriages are a lottery with the dice weighted by the devil of mischief himself.

Marriage with love is entering heaven with one's eyes open.

Marriage without love is entering hell with one's eyes shut.

And if a loveless marriage is bad, what shall be said of the ten-minutes-engagement-hustled wedlock?

Meet a girl Monday.

Propose Tuesday.

Marriage Wednesday.

Off to France next Monday. So

"Let's have a married week-end."

That's the sort of thing nowadays. That's the war marriage. By the close of the week-end, the end of the over "intensive cultured" romance, romance itself has begun to fade. But life is longer than a week-end, or a snatched hour of joy, and it takes a multitude of hours to undo the experiment or get a divorce. Besides which a small child may, and often does, step in with its tiny little pink fingers to pull and tug at these two young people in its vain endeavour to hold them together. Remorse is a bitter task-master.

So much for how not to do it: let us consider how, nowadays at least, it may be done in a really, business-like, useful sort of way.

To begin with, if a woman chance to have ambition, she had better marry an official husband. For if she doesn't, she will find herself up against a brick wall on every occasion. He is a delightful person, that official husband. His duties take him largely away from home, so that he

is not tied to her apron string. His official position opens all portals to himself, his wife, and even his maiden aunts and country-parson cousins. In fact, he is a thoroughly useful and not over-burdensome partner, whether a minister of the Crown, the manager of a theatre, a publisher, or head of any department in any sort of thing.

The Government for a long time never employed a woman anywhere except as a clerk at a few shillings a week. They said women were not to be trusted. Only by fight, fight, fight, did petticoats get on to public bodies as inspectors or guardians, and then only in small numbers. *But*—one found a Prime Minister with a woman secretary. Great Generals with female amanuenses. Women liaison officers in military officers' places, women knowing profound secrets, and playing the game royally. The stupid idea that the pleasure of knowing a secret was the joy of passing it on exploded. Women know all the Cabinet and military secrets to-day, and hold their tongues.

War made a change; but war, even a fifteen hundred-day war which gave some women the vote after fifty years' struggle, did not open the large portals of the Government front doors. It did open the side ones for clerks and underlings by the million, as also the factory gates; but officialdom jealously guarded the plum posts. The leading lady in the theatre is often the wife of the manager, and on public committees the wives of officials easily find seats, and so on *ad lib.*

The Head of the Red Cross V.A.D. was related to a war official, but she retired after three years because she and her thousands of "women nurses were so much overruled by men."

As many as five thousand distinctions have been given

to nurses in one day, and literally hundreds of thousands hold Red Cross Medals (all honour to them, they were ill paid, hard worked and have well earned their medals), but the ordinary brain worker doesn't count—unless she be the wife of an official husband.

Until the summer of 1917 no woman received a title in her own right; although, however stupid she was, she became an appendage to the husband's honour and was rewarded with his dignity, even when he and she had not met for twenty years.

So be quick, dear women, and marry official husbands or you will be lead-weighted in the handicap of life!

* * * * *

Most women marry because they love being courted.

Most men marry because they love courting.

But often when the knot is tied and they are man and wife, courtship ceases. The woman finds she is expected to be waitress, maid-servant, and later, nurse. The man finds it irksome to play continually on the string of charm, and ceases to do the pretty little courtesies of life. Result, two people face to face with lifelong thraldom, boredom, and lack of sympathy.

Happily, marriage is no longer the sole haven for women. War taught the lesson of independence, its priceless value, its actual attainability. For woman the seas, now fully explored and charted, disclose not one, sometimes unsafe, anchorage, but a hundred good fairways and roadsteads. Never more need woman go back to the old slothful crawl round the marriage market, to offer herself body and soul in return for roof and bread, hugging the thought that man must needs love and cherish and endow her with worldly goods.

Women have learnt that, if they want real freedom, independence, butter for their bread, they must them-

selves work for them; and having won them a woman can afford, if matrimonially inclined, to wait, give herself full time to sort and pick and choose her mate. For them acceptance of a man as a *pis aller* has become an anachronism. A woman's own will, not the pressure of surrounding conditions, has become the arbiter.

Why on earth shouldn't a woman propose? Matrimony to her is so far more vital than to the man. Fate, no longer a dictator, is, so far at least, her servant. Should she elect against matrimony, it is to merge not into an old maid, but that happier human item, a bachelor girl.

If, on the other hand, the right man does come across her path, he will admire her hard-won independence, respect the wife who has chosen to be an equal, not a slave.

So will the wedded pair start not in a procession of two, not in tandem, with the woman lagging timidly behind the striding autocrat, but side by side in double harness—partners, friends, coadjutors, close-knit comrades. And if lovers, the likelier to remain so through their equality. Their children—fewer because they are brain workers—more choicely cared for, better reared, better fed, clothed and educated. Not dragged up anyhow like rabbits by a bullying man and a discontented woman, but equipped for the life battle by an understanding, dual-working, mutually helpful mother and father.

But the start has been made, one assumes, by a couple reasonably equal in social status, for if not . . .

Have you ever seen a well-bred man wedded to the back-row girl of the Gaiety, whom he has striven hurriedly but vainly to raise to his level? His life is not a bed of roses in spite of her pretty face, especially if he chance to find his children developing into mere

throwbacks to the state of their maternal forbears, kitchenmaids, stable-boys, or the like.

There is no more fatal handicap to happiness in marriage than the start made from different social levels, with their discrepant ideals of taste, feeling and habit.

Good breeding is the outcome and fine flower of generations. Money will not breed a gentleman, any more than poverty will disguise one.

The mystery of matrimony is a puzzle. The life of matrimony is a riddle, and the end of matrimony is the grave—or divorce.

Surely divorces cannot be too easy—or, for the poor, too cheap. Unsuitable lives in bondage mean two persons condemned to a hell on earth. The present divorce law has been described as "an outrage on the civilization for which we are contending so fiercely and heroically from one end of the world to the other."

Surely divorce should be granted for cruelty, drunkenness, insanity—and above all, incompatibility. If two people can't get on, let them live apart (moral lives) for three years. And if, with time to think things over, they still wish for divorce, let them re-sign their petition before a Judge in chambers, who, after going into the evidence, should apportion children and money, and grant the divorce, and a couple of lines in the Press should merely announce that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so were divorced on such-and-such a day.

Present-day pokers and adultery are vulgar, and yet sometimes less hurtful than persistent nagging. Separations are invitations to immorality.

Free love is an abomination, and damnation to children's souls.

There is no solution, then, but matrimony. It is far from ideal, but if entered into in the right spirit it

becomes clubland, chumland, and mutual sympathy. Sympathy is the very mainspring of happiness. Without it life is like an unwound clock; it does not work. And again, tenacity even in sympathy is a great gift. It can be encouraged.

Advice is perfectly useless; no one ever profited by another person's experience, and people will ever continue to fall like wild animals into the pit convention has dug for them, as the beasts fell into the pit-traps laid to refill the larders by the Druids.

Birth is the most important thing in the whole world. It is the plinth, so to speak, the foundation on which civilization builds. Surely children should not be left to pick up sex knowledge from other children a little older than themselves in all sorts of undesirable ways, or from servants or irresponsible persons. Sex questions should be taught in the schools with far greater care and forethought than the position of London or New York.

Again and again one cries, ignorance is not virtue. Ignorance leads to misunderstanding and misery. Teach the babies about the flowers and the pollen, and with their own growth the evolution of their ideas should be promoted and wisely widened by the teacher. Not in classes only, but individually and kindly. Eschewing all mystery and taking nothing for granted. Parents so often fail from false modesty to tell their children, and thousands and tens of thousands of boys and girls learn in the cruellest possible school.

A healthy couple have four children on an average, while a degenerate couple have seven. A health certificate—as demanded by the Mohammedan women of Russia at their Congress in Kazan—should be as important as the marriage lines; but wisdom of selection should not obliterate comradeship of thought or

sympathetic affinity. Good looks often hide every vice, and ill features often cover every virtue.

We don't want any more cases of imbecile women with six illegitimate children, five of whom are imbeciles. Against such horrors one reads of a fine mother having five sons killed in the war. Could any soldier suffer more than a woman who has borne, reared and guided to manhood, five sons, who laid down their life for their country? Surely that woman deserves some great recognition.

Matrimony is entered upon too lightly. The union of two people in drink or ill-health produces deformed, blind, diseased children, and yet never do their would-be parents remember the curse they may transmit to the unborn in their selfish sex indulgence. The pity of it.

The man flies from the arms of the paid professional to those of the innocent. Let him pause and think before he plays skittles with an unborn soul.

The Eugenic Education Society, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2, has arranged special courses of lectures on these subjects for teachers and others. So the thin end of the wedge of knowledge has been introduced.

Women are apt to think that when they marry they "will be cared for"; in many cases they find that they have to *do all* the caring for themselves and for the man too. His capabilities so often give place to helplessness after matrimony.

When life has kicked us and bruised us, and taught us it was not made for us, but we for it; then, not till then, do we really taste the sweets of the world.

And every human being is possessed of more courage than he wots of. In the war, the simplest lad has often done the greatest deeds. We are apt to distrust our

strength. Courage is born of opportunity; and yet words sway the world—not swords—not gold—just words. Simple words inspire nations; tender words tempt love; serious words focus great brains. . . . Yes, truly, words sway mankind.

Dishonesty and lying are absolutely repulsive. Some of us can't tell a lie and can't be dishonest, any more than we can be unpunctual.

To honesty let us add knowledge. We can never know too much, and most of us know too little.

War brought us all out. We are a nation of new men and women, better men and women, comrade men and women. Why not remain so?

In the United Kingdom 200,000 more people were married between August, 1914, and June, 1917, than would have been married in peaceful years. The marriage rate in 1915 was the highest on record, whereas in many parts of Germany the marriage rate was 25 per cent. below the normal. Why? Because war marriages in England were stimulated by our generous allowances and pensions. A French soldier gets twopence-halfpenny a day and an Italian one penny!

It was rather amusing to hear a soldier say—

"I'm going to France next week, and ain't a-going to let the Government 'ave my 16*s.* a week, so I'm goin' to marry Betsy 'o's been walkin' out with me, and I'll marry her afore I go. She's been a good pal, and I'd like her to 'ave that 16*s.* a week instead of the Government."

"You know when the war is over the separation allowance will stop?"

"Will it? Well, I can't 'elp it. If I'm killed she'll get a pension, 'an I ain't agoin' to let the Government keep my pension neither."

And in this spirit they married, taking care there should be no baby to deduct from the full allowance or pension. Such are many of the war marriages. Heaven help them when the war ends and the separation allowance ends, when not a penny has been saved, and the competition on the labour market has increased.

The Government never made clear that separation allowances were for separation occasioned by and during war. They never showed the recipients the necessity of putting all or part of it by as a nest egg, to start again after the war, and therefore fifty, sixty, aye perhaps seventy per cent. of it has been frittered away. The *busy rich* have had to find the money to finance the war, and when the war is over and we have little left owing to the burden of our taxation, what then? Are the poor going to keep us?

The so-called rich are setting an excellent example in simplicity and the donning of uniforms; but the so-called poor, or as the Labour Party now call them the *common people*, are not following their example.

There are people whose incomes have dropped in dividends almost to the vanishing-point; people with grave responsibilities and liabilities to face in house property or land, who are really suffering poverty through the war. Let us be fair to the sadly maligned and often wilfully misrepresented gentry; without them the Germans would have landed in England in a few weeks, as it was the eldest sons of the great families of Great Britain who stood up against them in all the glory of the best trained army in the world, dubbed the "Old Contemptibles," and fell in dozens in France at the first onslaught, as they led their men into action.

There is one bad feature to record—the increase of bigamy. The punishment for this has been wisely

raised by the judges to twelve months' imprisonment. Mr. Justice Bray stated that five-sixths of the offenders in this connection were soldiers. Naturally; all young men being soldiers.

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Loneliness is inevitable in life. It is a human pain that throbs and smarts and shrieks for sympathy; but there it is. That loneliness of soul comes at the most unexpected moments. Often in a crowd, and it clutches the heart-chords with its cold, clammy, unsympathetic hand. One reasons and fights it, one laughs and derides it; but there the spectre is, and there is only one, yes, only one remedy—and that lies in oneself, and the capacity one has for work to crush it by strangulation. Nobody who is anybody is happy: the restless spirit of ambition is always wanting to attain still further. But the philosophy of self-mastery should be taught in every school. Occupation, if possible for others, is the only antidote for loneliness of soul. Hence the value of matrimony.

Of course the widower re-marries. He can't help it, poor thing. He has had a home, a pleasant greeting, some one to talk things over with, and maybe there are children and servants whom he cannot manage. So the widower inevitably marries again, whatever his class may be. Not so the widow. She has tasted the sweets and bitters of matrimony and knows the long round of work and gnawing details it entails. She prefers to face that loneliness of soul that comes to us all, married or unmarried, increasing in direct ratio with brains and thoughtfulness; and to face that loneliness alone, rather than in perchance unsympathetic relationship. Widows as a rule do not re-marry—not because they are not asked to, for every widow has three chances to one against an unmarried girl. She has been tried on the altar of

matrimony, and has shown her capacity to run a home. But the widow who has got the trappings off her back, with its galls and sores, is generally content to wear her harness between the shafts, and not risk it double at the pole. The treatment of wives, especially among the poorer classes, is so often unjust.

Celibacy in youth is harmful and stifling; unwed men and women of thirty and forty are often handicapped, and become cranks or take to drink.

Matrimony is a school of responsibility for every one.

All honour to the bachelor girl, to the wage-earning woman, and may her independence bring her all the joy she hopes. No girl after twenty-five should be made to live at home; she should be allowed to work, and work hard, to pay for her own home if she wants one.

Nearly two million extra women have entered the labour market in consequence of the war.

Women must not go back to slavery. Women have had their chance, through these seas of blood, to show men what they can do. They have done it and they have carved corner stones out of freedom of thought, freedom of action, freedom of comradeship, freedom of work, and have shown the world they are all the better for it. Have shown wilfully, stupidly blinded folk that they can not only run a home, bear children and rear them, but work in, and even run factories. Women have supplied the world with munitions, and practically all a soldier or sailor wants. They have done every single thing except fight, and men know jolly well that nothing but convention has kept women from the ranks, and that if the necessity arises for them to train as regiments and stand in the firing line, they are perfectly capable of doing that too.

CHAPTER IX

TRADES FOR SOLDIER-WOMEN

Women up to 1914—Still no woman R.A.—Lord Chancellors astray—Professional chauffeuses—Taxi-men—Bar will not receive women—Dames of British Empire—A Queen and a Knight—Air raids—Aliens in tubes—Buckingham Palace—Clubs for women: importance of mixed clubs—Trade Unions—Capital: what is it?—Women's Labour League—Hands off revolution.

THINGS have changed with a vengeance since July, 1914, through fifteen hundred days, the most tremendous in the big world's history. Time has been shaking his kaleidoscope, for the world of women, with amazing vigour. Three years did as much as thirty—one might almost say three hundred years—had done before. Nevertheless, some of the bits of glass have stuck fast in places.

Forsooth, you may still be a Clara Montalba, a Laura Knight, a Henrietta Rae, a Lucy Kemp-Welsh, a Hilda Fearon, or an Anna Airy, without the least danger of being raised to the heights upon which Royal Academicians giddily draw breath. Why look for a post on the line? There is plenty of wall space above and below it. Artistic merit is its own reward, my dear lady, so aspire not to the alphabet.

Still, you may practise as an artist, if you like, as a publicist, a politician, an author, an actress, a musician. You may even, like Dr. Ethel Smyth, conduct your own operas—if only you can compose them; but, for some

occult reason or other, you mustn't practise as a parson or a barrister. Thackeray speaks somewhere of a man wasting his fine intellect upon that mean profession the Bar. Well, mean or not, you mustn't think of applying the feminine mind to it. If an Englishwoman, that is. If born in France, you may don cap and gown, and plead and demolish Shylocks *à la* Portia. Not only in France, but in Switzerland, Norway, Canada, New Zealand, Russia, Japan, and the United States, you are fully, and in Finland and India partially, admitted to the legal profession. In Norway you may rise to be a Judge, and rival Fru Ruth Sorenson, who took up her duties in October, 1913, after practising for some years as a lawyer in Christiania.

In the month of January, 1917, the English Bar solemnly met together and prohibited women from pleading as barristers.

In the following month (February 27) Lord Buckmaster's bill for permitting the admission of women as solicitors was given a second reading in the House of Lords without a division.

It was amusing to see two Lord Chancellors in 1917, Lord Halsbury and Lord Buckmaster, convicted of error in this matter of women and the law. The former stated that "at one time a woman sat on the Woolsack, but possibly through the lack of legal training, administered a wholly unprecedented form of justice." "It was true," said the latter, "that a woman had sat on the Woolsack; but she had to go away in order to become the mother of Edward I."

Both statements were rebutted in the Press. Both learned Judges seemed unaware that the Chancery in 1253, when pleas were heard before Henry III.'s Queen, acting as Regent, was not a Court of Justice. As to Queen Eleanor's retirement in the interest of her

expected son, Edward I. was actually born in 1239—fourteen years before that supposed incident.

"Why on earth," the writer asked, by way of a trade for women, in an evening paper early in 1914, "don't British women become professional chauffeuses?" To which question various folk replied in type, "Impossible."

Yet ever since the war began we have seen women evolve in every so-called "impossible" grade of chauffeurship and drivership; at the wheel of every motor vehicle from greyhound touring car to ponderous motor lorry. In this, as in a dozen other lines, war has given woman a chance of showing her skill and mettle to a no longer astonished world.

After fifty years of spadework, women were now implored, aye besought to do the very things that a few months before had been declared impossible for them.

On St. Valentine's Day, 1917, when the dastardly work of the submarines in destroying passenger boats, hospital ships, and even relief food boats, was being first got in hand, Scotland Yard did at last open its arms and offer to grant licences to women taxi-drivers—though the men, it was rumoured, vowed to go out at the rate of ten for every woman admitted. After driving Royal Flying Corps and Army Service Corps motors for months, they were still not permitted by taxi men to drive public conveyances. A couple, however, ingeniously crept in later.

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A New Order: Dames of the British Empire.

On August 25, 1917, were published the first lists of two new Orders, that of the *Order of the British Empire*, and that of the *Order of the Companion of Honour*.

But none of the women named were so titled because of their brain work as women; but as being capable wives of officials, or workers for the sick, or munitions, or canteens. The women whose life-work made the war work of women possible were, if not of the medical profession, ignored. Brain work and the Arts *per se* were forgotten.

And so, at last, women's work received the distinction of a title.* But not absolutely for the first time in English History, for Queen Elizabeth herself did confer knighthood upon one of her own sex. In the great year 1588, Mary, wife of Sir Hugh Cholmondely, of the Vale Royal, Cheshire, was made not "Dame" but Sir Mary, and thereafter was always spoken of as "The

* Pre-war note from "Women the World Over." Published exactly three years before, August, 1914, page 340.

"Do men ever feel a pang of remorse at their want of generosity to the other sex on this question of honours? Practically no distinctions have ever been given to English women.

"Nurses and policemen get medals, but one has never heard of a brilliant woman doctor having ever been offered a Knighthood—when the title in her case should be 'Dame,' not 'Sir.'

"Think of the useful service women have rendered their country. Think of what women have done for the nation, and yet, unthinkable it is, the mothers of our great men—the very women who have moulded their characters and inspired their lives—go unheeded and unacknowledged, as far as State recognition is concerned. The position is laughable.

"It would be an enormous incentive to women workers if they could feel that their talents might one day be recognized by the State, as men's talents are now. Women would not pander to buying honours, nor would they pay subsidies to Party funds, and they seldom have money. Their order should be strictly one of merit, and, if necessary, a Council of women headed by the Queen herself, might decide to whom the order should go.

"Surely it is time the country woke up to what women are doing, for we all know women composers, philanthropists, factory inspectors, county councillors, matrons of great hospitals, etc., among whom there is wide choice for distinction and style, who ought to be titled 'Dame.'

"But titles and distinctions are still denied them."

Bold Lady of Cheshire." She had spoken boldly indeed in defiance of the invincible Armada, and that appears to have been the sum of her services to England.

How many lady knights would adorn the country now, if a spoken defiance of Kaiserdom sufficed to earn the title?

Let us hope the day is not far distant when the title of Dame, earned by a woman, shall be allowed to descend to her daughter as a Baronet's does to his son.

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Turning from titles to occupations and trades for women, it is to-day almost impossible to list them. Is there any trade or profession that soldier women have not entered? Well, there is one, that of clock-making and repairing. Women are neat with their fingers, hence their employment so much in telegraphy and now in prismatic glass, and later on the clock and watch making and piano-tuning industries should be largely in the hands of women.

In regard to professions a little out of the routine now commonly followed by women, *Women's Employment* (January 18, 1918) gave some valuable hints.

Women and girls have released great numbers of the men by whom banks were formerly staffed. The change, coming gradually, has eventuated so successfully that probably many banks will retain a proportion of women on their staffs after the war. A new vocation, therefore, awaits women of the right stamp. But to attract girls of ability it must be possible for them to attain to, and to keep, posts well-salaried enough to satisfy a justifiable ambition. The qualifications required by most banks are a good education up to eighteen, good handwriting, a taste for figures, and nice manners. French and Spanish are sometimes useful. Initial salaries vary from 25*s.* to 30*s.* a week, rising to 45*s.*

The gas industry now employs women both for manufacture and distribution, and women are firemen and dentists. Oxide purifiers, to the amazement of many old-fashioned foremen, are now emptied and recharged by women. The labour is not especially heavy, weights and hours being tempered to suit feminine strength.

In regard to women railway clerks, the London and N.W. Railway has made an admirable new departure in the matter of equipping new-comers. In conjunction with the L.C.C., classes for their regular instruction were opened at Euston in September, 1917. The "housing" of the students was excellent, and after the opening of other centres on the same lines the total of the students amounted to 1000.

It is interesting to note that at Findon, Sussex, a Woman's Village Council has been formed for dealing with questions of housing, infant welfare, education, and village economics.

All through 1917 the number of women employed on the land was increasing by leaps and bounds. On February 2, 1918, it was officially stated that the total reached 260,000. Moreover, an additional 14,000 were being asked for, the demand coming from every part of the country. Yet even a year before the farmers would have none of them.

Meanwhile their conditions of recruitment were changed, the army of land women workers being divided into three sections. A woman may now sign on for six or twelve months, instead of for the whole war. The three sections are those of Agriculture, Timber-cutting and Forage, and no one who has passed an efficiency test receives less than £1 a week. Uniform, and travelling (on or for employment) free.

The Agricultural Section includes milking, ploughing,

hoeing, harvesting, general farm work and tree-planting. In the Forage Section are comprised baling hay, work at hay stores, stacking and loading, and chaff-cutting for the Forage Department. For the Timber-cutting Section tree-felling, sawing, stacking, and carting are done.

All recruiting is conducted through the Labour Exchanges, and women having worn trowsers will stick to them.

* * * *

On January 20, 1918, the Women's Labour League held their annual conference in Nottingham, and for the first time in past history there were two women candidates for election to the National Executive to the Labour Party, Miss Mary Macarthur and Dr. Marian Phillips; moreover, the National Federation of Women Workers, which appeared for the first time as a result of the recent political ballot, sent no less than twenty representatives. Mr. Henderson mentioned to the conference his belief that the arrangements they were making would not only provide for full consideration of the woman's point of view, but would put behind the woman's point of view a great political force for its accomplishment.

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So accustomed did London become to air raids, with their passing perturbation and futile results, that folk scarcely talked of them except when they were actually upon us. And after all, London's loss, as proportioned to its seven millions, was infinitesimal. Of the 14,200 British non-combatants killed by the enemy's Zepps, aeroplanes, and submarines, in three and a half years, more than three-quarters were accounted for by the last named.

Theatres played on, London with its bomb-beaten neighbourhood, showed fine grit and fortitude under an

infliction that no one—until the Germans taught us their meaning of the expression "civilized warfare"—dreamt of anticipating. As to that one blot, the fevered scuttle for shelter in the Tube, the Londoner can tell you, with his hand upon his heart, that the scuttlers were mostly aliens. It is curious, by the way, that for months people laboured under an impression that the King and Queen never slept at Buckingham Palace. It was quite a wrong impression. During those troublous times they seldom left London, and when there always slept at the Palace. At Marlborough House, too, dwelt Queen Alexandra, through all the war months and all the raids.

No one works harder or more conscientiously for others than the King. He is seeing officials, diplomats, admirals, generals and politicians, weighing mighty questions, signing papers, giving luncheons to strangers, visiting munition works, docks, ships, schools, pinning on medals, doing the unutterably monotonous round of necessity.

Or look at the Queen. An ideal mother, a thoroughly domesticated woman, and yet for hours and hours and hours of every day she is going round the conventional treadmill. Hospitals, bazaars, concerts, picture exhibitions, callers, interviews; always the same dull public round, yet this womanly woman's one idea of happiness is love and privacy in a cottage.

They are frugal-minded folk with an immense sense of duty and the keenest human sympathy in the races they govern. They are the figure-heads of a vast and diversified empire—the symbol of rule. Grandeur bores them, the poor interest them, and they are ever working for the welfare of the latter.

There is no more hard-worked couple in the Empire, that great Democracy over which they hold sway.

* * * * *

One clear necessity has emerged from the welter of our fighting men and soldier-women—that of clubs. Men always had clubs and societies and Freemasonry, but women had almost nothing of the kind till the Y.W.C.A., keeping a broad and open mind, inaugurated the Canteen Clubs. Their task has been to teach through force of example, and uplift their girls by gentle suasion instead of preaching to them.

Once inaugurated, these Canteen Clubs—and why not let them be for both men and women?—may become one of the greatest of our national assets—the playground of propriety, the schoolroom of manners and thought. Mixed clubs, if well run and wisely handled, will be one of the most valuable corner-stones of our newly born social life. The need of them is so urgent that the only thing to do is to collect the money, get the buildings erected, start the clubs off at full pace, and trust to the influence of good gaining ascendancy week by week. It has done this in thousands of cases. Unsectarian, broad-minded clubs are the means of education and formation of character in both men and women. Even to teach them to appreciate a clean table, and good, sound, well-cooked food is something. To enjoy a meal without alcohol is more. All these things, though small in themselves, count for much in the end.

Human clubs mould humanized humanity. They lead to a moral code of honour, and while the body is being stored with good food the mind is being expanded by good reflection. These huts become the communal granary of thought. They help to weld together the Empire for which we are now fighting. So may they go on and multiply—especially the mixed clubs which wean the sexes from the public-houses—and wax more

prosperous. The public house should become the canteen where men take their wives and daughters.

Every man who hasn't got a nice woman friend of his own class, is certain to have a nasty one of a class below him.

The woman munition worker, for one, is still very badly catered for, and only arranged for, so to say, in spots. There are food canteens and hostels here and there, but not in sufficient numbers; and though the Blue Triangle has tried to combat the shortage, it needs more and more accommodation for its ever-growing army, just as its brother society the Red Triangle needs more and more for the soldiers. All the wonderful clubs of the endless religious and social bodies require careful handling—on broad-minded lines.

Not only must women workers join together to enjoy their clubs, but they must unify themselves, for the sake of their well-being both physical and moral. And also, in their professional interests, they must join Trade Unions. Join men's Trade Unions. If not, women will never be considered seriously in factory land. For as long as they remain outside, fighting individually instead of as a co-ordinated body, they get no further. Once inside a Union they are part and parcel of the great machine and can make their influence felt. The writer hates Trade Unions; but they seem to be inevitable, for while they do much harm on one side, they do much good on the other. Capital too is hateful, as capital; but nothing moves without it, and nearly every man who has capital has made it himself, and has risen from the ranks, or his grandfather has before him.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, in his work, "The Limits of Pure Democracy," states that the national income in 1907 was about 2100 millions, of which wages accounted

for 1300 millions, inherited wealth for only about 200 millions.

Inherited capital, moreover, is pretty soon lost, unless a man applies brains and energy to its conservation. And without either the accumulation or increase of capital for aim and goal, how can we expect the superior man—who is above all things a forward-looking creature—to spend to the full his quantum of talent and energy? The average man will work just enough to support himself and family, and therewith is satisfied.

Surely some comprehensive scheme will be arrived at between Capital and Labour. Labour never seems to realize that nearly all capital is in the hands of people who were workers five, fifty, or more years ago. Workmen always forget that. Capital, once accumulated, has to stand immense strain. One lucky chance may win the pile, but work alone will retain it. True, no one should make over-much money (say 10 per cent. to 20 per cent., according to his risks), but if all incentive is removed he will close his shop and flit. No one is going to bear the strain solely and simply for the sake of others. The gifted man, whose effort is really needed for the world's advancement, must have some spur to prick him on, some potential reward to strive for. He wouldn't be human if he didn't. Rule out capital, and you reduce a vividly alive, if troubled, world to a stagnant marsh.

And what is capital? It is the result of thrift and saving. It does not drop from heaven; even if it did, it would trickle through the sieve of incompetence. Every man can become a capitalist, according to his capacity, if from the start he saves a portion of his earnings and lets it grow and multiply.

Every factory is like a ship. It must have a captain.

If 500 or 5000 people each go their own way, the ship, with all its working disorganized, runs on the rocks and sinks; ditto with the factory. The captain of the ship learns his job as a middy, and works up through years of education to steer his ship to a safe anchorage. He may have been no middy, but an ordinary deck hand, yet his brains and character, and work and determination have brought him to the top; but—

1st, work.

2nd, capacity.

3rd, more work.

4th, redoubled capacity. It is these that have done the trick.

Education, which is work; brains, which are useless without education, make success.

No ship, no factory, is of the slightest use without brains and capacity at the helm. Both of these invariably accumulate wealth, which we call capital.

* * * * *

A country should avoid revolution like the plague. It is plague. It is a cankerworm that gnaws at the vitals of a nation. National discontent is a menace. Let every man and woman put their own house in order; see to it that they are honest, just, thrifty, hard-working, and patriotic. Do their bit to make a happier, cleaner, better world, and always remember that, though fools can destroy, only strong men can build.

Revolution is the miserable self-indulgence of unrestrained passion, a silly form of excitement that ends in bloodshed and misrule. A President of a Republic is a doubtful blessing. For the first year he knows nothing and gropes; in the second he feels his feet; only in the third is he useful to his country; in the fourth he is hedging so as to get re-elected to power and the wealth

he is beginning to enjoy. All this brings dishonesty and graft in its train.

It takes educated men to rule; the rabble cannot rule themselves, how much less a nation. One sickens at such platitudes as, "The people ruled by the people." The people *can't* rule: they can't even rule themselves." See Russia under the Bolsheviks, a veritable Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

Every nation, every democracy must have a chief, a hereditary one for choice. He may be a figure-head; but he is at least a head, educated and experienced, and can co-ordinate his ministers and their policy.

Socialism is usually destruction for the benefit of the mob. It may be a good ideal in theory, but is disastrous in use. How few remember that, as said, the bulk of a nation's wealth has been amassed by workmen, whom other workmen immediately proceed to try and tear in pieces. Every honest man has his chance. Socialism does away with incentives. Apparently a world of toiling rich and idle poor would be a Socialist Elysium. Socialists are the fiery autocrats of Labour. Great Britain is State-controlled to-day, and though this is quite right in war-time, all incentive to expand and increase and earn is stultified. When the State rules, no responsibility can be placed on any one. The State machinery entirely effaces the individual—but co-operation on every hand will be needful to reform our home and industrial life. Servants, employers and employed are all necessary now for war-work.

CHAPTER X

VOTES

Why the vote was given—House of Commons on it—Open trades to women—"Mr. Snookes in office"—Lady parlourmaid: a new vocation—*The Times*—House of Lords and vote—Roberta Adams, M.P.—Public meetings: a suggestion—"A Women's Army"—The W.A.A.C.—"The Wrens"—Women's Emergency Corps—A Scottish heroine—England's first woman M.P.

THIS is an extremely dull, yet brilliantly interesting (!) chapter. It contains facts, and facts are hard and indigestible beside the whipped froth of criticism.

So here goes for the roly-poly pudding, almost minus the plums or treacle!

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Men feel that they gave women the vote because they had done something new.

Women feel that they have got the vote merely because they were given an opportunity to do the obvious.

On June 19, 1917, the House of Commons carried Woman Suffrage by the overwhelming majority of 385 to 55 votes. But even then they did not get it on the same plane as men, who obtain it at twenty-one—women must wait till they are thirty. And yet both are citizens, and citizenship should give the right of representation.

Woman's vote will not bring about a new world; but it will help our present-day old world to expand its view of life and weigh and consider women's educational gifts, earnings, professional value and political capacity. It will bring men and women shoulder to shoulder on every subject, and the exchange of ideas will help the ethics of humanity and the government of peoples.

All women are not wives and mothers, but all who are born have a right to live un-handicapped by sex conventions. To work for themselves and those dependent upon them, and to take an intellectual interest in the laws that govern them and the world. The industrial problem will become increasingly a woman's problem, and therefore could not be solved by an exclusively male-elected Parliament.

The belated but overwhelming change in the House of Commons reflected that of the country at large—and so at last some of us women are to have the vote. And why?

Not because Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Frances Balfour, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, and a dozen others, had worked for it for well over fifty years; but because, after practically three and a half years of strife, men actually realized that women had helped to win the war. That millions of shells and thousands of aeroplanes fashioned by women were showering death upon the German lines in preparation for the great battle of the Somme, which was to open twelve days later. Not because women are citizens, not because there is no sex in a vote, but for the humiliating reason that British women actually did their duty in the munition factories, as they had always been doing in every home in the land. That women, in fact, might now be counted as soldier-women.

Truly politics are queer things.

Surely, for example, it is about as impossible for a labour member to grasp the intricacies of international politics and obscure treaties, linked up with foreign languages, as for any man to understand domestic training, kindergartens, wash-houses, crêches, female prisoners, and all the laws and other matters relating to women. Yet for centuries men have found nothing anomalous in an all-men government, and have shrunk from, or roared at, the bare idea of women making their voice heard. We have suffered from men's sole laws through centuries—and look at the result.

How would men have liked to live in a world ruled *entirely* by women?

Comradeship, partnership, no sex barriers in brains or administrative affairs—these are capital needs. Open every trade, every profession to both sexes alike, with equal pay for equal work, and each will find its own proper habitat and eschew the unsuitable. There are nearly as many women now supporting fathers, mothers, sisters, children, or other relations as there are men supporting wives and families.

And what of the Suffrage societies during the war?

Five hundred of these societies stopped their propaganda the moment war was let loose, and laid down their own arms to work whole-heartedly for the Empire. All strife ceased. They worked colossally. The ministers of this country will be unworthy if they fail to give the vote to *all* the women of this land who have been engaged in saving it, even as they have already given it to the men—and to give it at the same age.

Until women take a hand in practical politics, politics will never be practical at all. Men only see from their own standpoint and always forget there are

far more women and children than men in Great Britain. It is the reverse in the Colonies.

Men have made a pretty muddle of things for centuries, hence this long-drawn-out misery of war; it is time women's voice was heard, and we can only devoutly hope women will never sink to the *party* game which obscures all true political national vision.

And as the country ceased to be ruled by party politics it was ruled by a few families instead.

Mr. Snookes gets into office, and at once shoves all his Snookes friends into posts from the Church to the Bench, from the Navy to the Army. Unheard-of people suddenly step into splendid positions and salaries under the Snookes regime. If he is Scotch, Scotland marches to the pipes into all sorts of soft jobs; if he is Welsh, Taffy appears in all kinds of unexpected places.

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The sexes have been playing at General Post.

Our world is all upside down to-day; but bless you, as it came out of its rut at the call of necessity, so it will disentangle itself even from Flanders mud and find its own level again, and each item will fit into his or her own chosen job. Just a general game of post for sex, class, occupation and mere money. Let one such bright cheerful thought illuminate the face, and drive away many bad imaginings.

But the game of general post is not altogether new, and sometimes it is even romantic.

"As you have no great gifts," was the advice to a lady in distress a few years back, "be a parlourmaid. Be thorough in everything; be punctual, tidy, particular. Be, in fact, an example of the 'perfect servant,' and absolutely reliable. Exercise great tact. Drop 'lady-dom' entirely: those about you will feel it quickly

enough. Raise the whole standard of domestic work, and so by degrees let us extend the 'lady' sphere."

Two or three years later an old relative, who admired her pluck, died and left the parlourmaid-lady in question £15,000.

* * * * *

For years and years the London *Times* was women's greatest enemy. Under the editorship of George Buckle women's work was never mentioned, women's problematical votes were taboo—in fact, women were ignored. With the advent of Mr. Geoffrey Robinson in 1912 a tiny chink opened, and women were occasionally allowed to write a letter in order to air their views; but the war, and only the war, did the rest. Result, women read *The Times* to-day and feel it is also their paper.

In the fourth war year, 1917, Great Britain received an interesting piece of news—to wit, that the war had sent a British woman to Parliament. Miss Roberta McAdams of the Canadian Military Nursing Service, stationed at the Canadian Hospital at Orpington, Kent, received on September 20, 1917, in the Alberta Government Offices at Charing Cross, the announcement of her success. She was chosen—with Captain Pearson, who headed the poll—from among twenty-one candidates. So a woman, the first to be elected M.P. on British soil, now represents the overseas troops from Alberta in their Legislative Assembly.

Bravo, Sister McAdams, M.P.!

Canada has followed Finland and Scandinavia, who have long had women representatives.

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On January 10, 1918, women's success, in the matter of the long-delayed vote, was practically sealed by the House of Lords' rejection—by a majority of sixty-three—

of Lord Loreburn's amendment to the Reform Bill. Thus at last was woman's vote made secure. The final battle of the campaign was won when we had been 1300 days at war, and winter had for a brief space put a close to over three-year-long fighting upon the western front. But troops and guns, released by the Bolshevik dominance of Russia, were being pushed across at speed from the east; the Austro-German army was still battering, without success, at the Alpine end of the Piave line. U-boats were sinking merchantmen, Gothas were bombing hospitals, neutrals were starving, America was just beginning to move, and Great Britain was more determined than ever to see the thing through.

The debate in the House of Lords was notable for Lord Selborne's fine speech of warning: to reject the Bill, he said, would be to split the nation from top to bottom. Lord Curzon, objected to the woman vote, vowed the change would be catastrophic—but fled from the House without voting. A considerable portion of the Lords—themselves highly representative of the people, seeing that most of them have made their own way in life, amassed their own fortunes and earned their titles—tried to baulk the vote. But the end of the matter was the majority of almost two to one—a definite proclamation of woman's victory. Howbeit, if a triumphant climax, it was the climax of an anxious time for the leaders: those remarkable women who through so many years had battled for the rights of women as citizens. One of the most distinguished of them—recurring to the long wait in the uncomfortable little pew allotted to ladies in the House of Lords—said that it was a time of suspense indeed. On Tuesday the eighth Jan. they were hopeful, on the next day in despair, on the

tenth intensely anxious up to the close of Lord Curzon's speech. The size of the majority was more than double what they had expected. This large majority in effect made the future of woman suffrage safe, even though some months of delay might be caused by Lord Balfour's proposal of a referendum of the woman Local Government electors.

As to the effect of the vote, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, president of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, pointed out that for the most part the new voters would comprise the mothers of the country, five out of the six millions being married women, the future of whose children must necessarily depend upon the laws made in regard to health, education and the care of infant life. Since women are the homekeepers, and have learnt the lesson of self-sacrifice in a hard school, they possess the best possible equipment for good citizenship. The new era will not be one of revolution: the woman vote will be the best preventative of that danger.

Women are patriots, full of moral courage and clear thinking, so they will help the country to saner modes by their votes. They will remember Servia, Belgium, Roumania and North-Eastern France, and what German savagery did to them.

One million women had had the Local Government vote: now five millions more will have the right of full citizenship. Citizenship meant every life to the Greek. It has come to mean only the public life of a man, and does not touch his private life. Citizenship means everything to a woman.

It must ever be remembered that January, 1918, marked the full Democracy of the British Isles. In the *Observer*, Mr. Garvin said—

"Henceforth Great Britain claims precedence as the most advanced exponent of complete Democracy in form, as she has always in modern times been the arena of fullest liberty in practice. So bold a development is the most striking disclaim of senility that a state with a thousand years behind it could have offered to the world's eyes. The eyes of posterity are upon our new democracy."

* * * * *

Chairman! Will women with the vote ever be able to sweep away among other things the waste of time and temper at public meetings? As a mere woman may one suggest the following:—

Chairman rises punctually and proposes the Right Hon. Stick-in-the-Mud.

Lord Stick-in-the-Mud stands up, bows, and after "thunderous applause" begins to speak. When his allotted time is half gone, the chairman should loudly and lustily ring a big bell. That would notify to the speaker that he has exactly so many minutes left. The bell should ring again when time was up, and down should sit the speaker. There should be no futile flattery and no fatuous frivolity, which always take up half the evening.

The second speaker would be called up in the same way.

Then up would jump the chairman and merely say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this brings our meeting to a close."

And the chairman should sit down amid more "thunderous applause." And no meeting or lecture should last longer than an hour, or speech more than three to five minutes.

Cannot we women, once we have the vote, eradicate

the fulsome flattery of nonentities at public meetings and dinners which men have endured for centuries, and a few other little such-like scandals?

Many people are only great when belauded by friends in public speeches, or in kind obituary notices.

* * * * *

One hates to be personal, but under that title *The Women's Army*, referred to before, appeared an article published December, 1916, by the writer, emphasizing the immense services already rendered by women to almost every department of the State, and imploring the Government to employ women in greater numbers and more universally, a Woman's Army in fact.

In September, 1917—that is eight months later—the War Office proclaimed that it needed 10,000 women before the end of October, and 40,000 more before Christmas for the *Women's Army Auxiliary Corps*, for home and overseas services. It appeared that at least 10,000 a month would be needed thereafter, and that they would be recruited through the Employment Exchanges. Here was the fulfilment of the original suggestion made to Lord Kitchener by the writer exactly three years before. Miss Durham, the Chief Woman Inspector of the Employment Department of the Ministry of Labour, stated that some pioneer work had already been done by women in France. The large portion of those asked for would be needed for home service, and all women volunteers must enrol for the duration of the war. "Women," she said, "were getting more mobile as the war progressed:" in 1916, 5000 a month were moved to different parts of the country to *munition* works.

The minimum age for home work would be eighteen, for work overseas twenty. Every woman passed by the Selection Board would be examined by a Medical Board of

women doctors. Recruiting for women would be systematically carried on by cinema displays and meetings.

When, in this same month, King George made his inspection tour on the Clyde, he many times made inquiries *re* women workers. In each case he was informed that women were a universal success in their employment, as persistent, industrious, and responsible as the men. Their cheerfulness and enthusiasm were in fact a byword.

As to the work mentioned by Miss Durham, thank Heaven by the end of November, 1917, women journalists were at last actually allowed to go to France and write something of what the khaki-girls—the "Waacs," as they are humorously called—were doing.

On the heels of the very efficient military "Waacs" come those smart and active little birds the "Wrens;" or, to give them their full title, the "Women's Royal Naval Service," established late in November, 1917.

By the second week of January, 1918, the "Wrens," though their uniform was but partly evolved, were invited to give in their names. Dame Katherine Furse, G.B.E., the director of the Service, explained matters. They were to come forward seriously prepared for hard work. Officers and women would be needed, the latter both mobile and immobile. Many patriotic women, who earlier in the war had accepted inferior posts, would be suitable as officers. They would be a democratic body, but would use the title "Ma'am," as did the W.A.A.C. They would be under the discipline of naval officers, wear coat and skirt of naval serge, with brass naval buttons, and a tricorne hat of navy cloth. No praise can be too high for these bodies of women which grew up month by month.

At the same time the Army Council decided that the W.A.A.C. should also in future have mobile and immobile branches, the former being liable to be transferred either at home or abroad, according to the terms of their enrolment, the latter to be allowed to continue living in their own homes.

Quickly there followed women for the Royal Flying Corps, called "The Penguins"—apparently because they did not fly—another splendid body of women.

For the above Services, as for every other in which they are engaged, the demand for women has grown and grown throughout the war, receiving a fresh impetus by the great comb-out of men early in 1918. It was wisely suggested that, in view of these continued and competing appeals to women, the different organizations concerned in National Service should be unified both for recruitment and selection. Such a plan would eliminate much wastage, overlapping, and nerve strain. A Selection Board, allocating each to her fitting task, would be a boon to women and an asset to the nation. Here, verily, was the consolidation of the idea so ruthlessly turned down by Lord Kitchener—the Women's Army. After three and a half years nearly two million women were employed on war service.

Turning from the Navy and the Army, the end of 1917 saw a Women's Trade Union Advisory Committee, consisting of representatives of the Trade Unions which comprise women members. It was formed at the request of the Ministry of Munitions. The committee is analogous to that set up by Mr. Churchill some months before to advise on matters concerning men's work, and it was proposed to refer to it all questions affecting the employment of women on the production of munitions.

The relation of woman labour to male labour, Mr.

Churchill said, was one of the most difficult questions which could be presented. It was clear that it would not be in the interests of women to claim "a cut-and-dried" or a rigid equality; that would end in their being very largely excluded from the industrial community. What they wanted was a comparative equality which made full allowance for the necessary difference of sex, strength, and requirements of physical well-being; and secure to them the legitimate share of the rewards of the labour they contributed.

No question affecting women's employment, he added, was excluded from the deliberation of the Advisory Committee, and if it was able to develop a powerful, penetrating, and enlightened view, he did not see the limits of the usefulness and power which it might come to exert in the near future.

But long before all this, in the very first week of war, women were at work in different spheres.

No praise is too high for the "Women's Emergency Corps." It was founded in the first week of war by a few actresses and members of the Actresses' Franchise League at the "Little Theatre, London, Eng.": as our American friends would say. The originator and founder was Madame Decima Moore, joined by her sister Miss Eva Moore, by Miss Lena Ashwell, and The Hon. Mrs. Haverfield. Mrs. Kingsley Tarpey, and Miss May Whitty also joined the scheme at once.

Madame Decima Moore was also the life and soul of the successful soldiers' club in Paris on the Place de la République, which makes an admirable home for all our soldiers arriving at the Gare du Nord.

These women and many others worked day and night. They did the right thing at the right moment right away. They supplied a clearing house for women's

energy at the outbreak of war, and one cannot do better than print the following list.

Actresses' Franchise League Activities since the war:

Women's Emergency Corps. Started by members of their committee and in their offices.

Camps Entertainments. Organized by Women's Theatre Branch of A.F.L.

British Women's Hospital. A.F.L. committee, who invited others to join them, collected £150,000 in nine months to build Star and Garter Home at Richmond for totally disabled soldiers and sailors, and are now working on "The Nation's Fund for Nurses."

As the schemes became individually too big for the Women's Emergency Corps, they were taken over by different societies, such as Food and War Refugees. The *Women's Service Bureau*, which came later, also did splendid work.

It is impossible to mention all the multifarious, magnificent work done by women, but Lady Londonderry's *Woman's Legion* must not be forgotten.

There is no name more worthy of honour than that of Dr. Elsie Inglis, who in the fourth year of war crawled home to die. This brave woman literally laid down her life on the field of battle. She it was who originated the Scottish Women's Hospitals, leaving her large surgical practice in Edinburgh for the purpose. She staffed her hospitals entirely with women, and the British War Office refused their services. She offered them to the Allies and they were accepted, with what brilliant success in Serbia and the Dobrudja is well known. She went through the Roumanian retreat with the Southern Slav Division and organized four big hospital units. On her return to England a year later, she again

offered her services and hospitals to the War Office for Mesopotamia, but was again refused, and again went off and worked for the Allies in other lands.

Serbia conferred on her the Order of the White Eagle; it was the only time a woman has ever received such a distinction.

In Great Britain she received nothing—but snubs! And so died in harness, a great woman, a great organizer, untiring in her work for the women's cause, and later for the sick and suffering in war. A woman of pluck, energy, striking personality, and above all, always a woman; yet she never had a British decoration or a vote, much as she would have appreciated either.

* * * * *

And so women—some women—got the vote. Well, in the House of Commons we have representatives of Ireland and Labour. In the House of Lords we have a Church party and a Bar party. And as it is just 2000 years since Julius Cæsar brought enlightenment to Britain and founded London near Westminster, so it is about time we had a representative Women's Party in Parliament at Westminster too.

All hail to England's first woman M.P., and to a House of DAMES—next the House of Lords—with women as ministers or deputy ministers of:

Food (including Fisheries),
Health—Maternity and Sanitation, and
Education,

all of which particularly touch women and children.

And who could be more fitting to be the first Woman Member than Mrs. Henry Fawcett herself. Anyway, one may clearly prophesy that there will be a Woman M.P. in London before 1920.

CHAPTER XI

CO-OPERATIVE HOMES

Homes, not mere houses—One kitchen *versus* fifty in a row—P.K. in every house—Off go a bunch of servants—Municipal Kitchens, rich and poor, by the thousand—Away on a visit—Women architects—Co-operative housekeeping—Workman's dwelling—Home life mustn't slip away—Joy of "our very own"—Tax bachelors—After the war—Goodness yields high interest—Three years of war *versus* thirty of peace—Duty and Discipline—To a "resterrant with a hofficer"—Destruction, yet reconstruction.

HOMES are the pivot of the Empire. Homes must be kept up at all costs. Homes make or mar character; develop or retard intellect, strength, work, aye life itself.

The British Commonwealth is fighting to maintain its homes. Men are laying down their lives for justice, freedom, development, prosperity. Women are working along far more lines than were ever allowed before. And all this upheaval is to maintain our homes and our home life.

But pause a moment. Home life has become too great a burden for many women to bear. A girl marries. She has children; each child costs her a year of her strength and health, each additional child repeats the drain, which has multiplied in burden owing to the requirements of the one or more preceding children. Till now we have penalized motherhood. Men have made our laws, and men have done women this injustice.

It is time they respected motherhood and eased its pains, perils, and anxieties. To do justice to husband, children, and herself, in these days of stress and rush, the wife must be helped, and the best way to help her in this time of pressure is by the establishment of co-operative homes.

People want homes, not merely houses to live in; and it is better to be under-housed. One can always expand; but it is difficult to recede from a certain standard of life. Conventionality clogs the world, just as individuality moves it on.

Life should be simplified. Life can be simplified, and women architects can do it.

Suppose there are fifty houses in a row. Every town is made up of rows and rows of such houses, each with its own kitchen fire. Fifty houses mean fifty kitchen fires. Fifty pairs of hands to lay and light them. Fifty women to attend to kitchen ovens and flues, hot water and cooking. This is waste. All those fifty houses can be managed from one central kitchen. Britain as a rule has tens of thousands too many typists, and tens of thousands too few cooks.

In the case of a town the middle house in that street must contain the staff. A huge furnace must supply pipes of hot water to twenty-five house-baths on the right, and twenty-five house-baths on the left. Result, coke (usually cheaper than coal) can be burnt, and far, far less of it will be used. The expenses of the individual bath will be reduced 500 per cent., and the water will always be hot. One, or at most, two people, will keep all those fifty houses supplied with constant baths and hot water, and half a dozen or so will do the cooking in co-operative kitchens.

Then again, instead of every house having two or

three fireplaces to be cleaned and kept going every day, another furnace will supply central heating to all the houses. The radiators will have taps which can be turned off or on at choice. One fireplace just to "look cheery," and allow the pleasant joys of contemplation and friendly poking, will be all that is required for luxury; but not for necessity.

Every house must have a little combination pantry-kitchen. That small P.K. will contain a gas or electric cooking stove. On that stove breakfasts, teas, and per-chance lunches can be arranged. Important meals will be sent in from the central kitchen, where a steward will devise proper menus every day according to the suitability of marketing, and buying in bulk, and he will himself call at every house for orders, on a message by 'phone requesting him to do so. These dishes can be simple (served without any crockery or napery, merely the cooked dishes), or they can be more important, and furnish all the requisites for a dinner, including the waitress. Butlers, chefs, chauffeurs, valets, lift men, and young "gentlemen" behind ladies' underclothing counters will cease to be, in a more enlightened age.

One (or more) domestic in each house will be sufficient. That one can be a house-parlourmaid. Or in case no personal maid is required, a staff "help" can come up for as many hours as required from the Central Administration. Every bedroom will have its hot and cold water taps and waste, and every room will be heated. If a public dining-room, reading-room, and drawing-room are added, even that one maid can be substituted by a few hours' daily attendance. With this co-operative bath supply, central heating and kitchen, staffs will be enormously reduced and expenses lowered, while the standard is raised.

We must do the best we can with the rows and rows

of existing houses, and see that we never again build the silly, wasteful structures which burden us to-day.

"Co-operative houses are bound to come, because economy is the cry of the day, and because, to release much-needed feminine labour, all unproductive home work must be eliminated. We shall have co-operative housekeeping in large houses in fashionable neighbourhoods. And we must have co-operative homes for the poor, and public kitchens everywhere.

"Hotels will be built with small suites: bedroom, sitting-room, bathroom, and with a private door; magnified according to requirements, and the same thing will expand again into whole suites of apartments, always containing tenants' personal furniture. Some people will go downstairs to the restaurant. Some will have the food brought upstairs, others will cook their favourite dishes on a gas ring or in a chafing dish.

"Co-operative housekeeping will be easier, not only for the tenants, but for every one. A proper steward and manager, whose job is to manage, will have the *entrée* to his own kitchen which many ladies have not. A chef or good woman cook at the head of affairs will direct those under her instead of each of those 'under cooks' wasting good stuff in private homes where they are merely experimenting in cooking. Everything must necessarily be more efficient, under more constant and *personal* supervision, than under the well-meaning women of position and wealth who are harassed by the complexity of domestic worries, and who are nothing more or less to-day than educated 'chars.'" *

These changes will not part us from our individual homes with their individual little joys and personal treasures. People can live as simply as they like, and

* *English Review*, May, 1917.

if they invite friends, will then be able to order a well-cooked dinner, and till served merely keep it warm on their own individual little gas or electric stove.

A simple arrangement of dinner trucks at the back of the row of houses can deliver the hot food as required, in tin ovens, just as food is now delivered on the different floors in hotels. This necessitates a covered way for the "service" and food-lift to the flats. But at small outlay endless carrying and waste of human energy may be lessened.

The housewife will be saved heartbreaking anxiety over sauces and *soufflés*.

What can be done for the middle-class can also be done for the rich, and the poor. To-day the poor share the joys of a weekly boiler day for their washing, and the present scheme merely enlarges that system. Municipal kitchens can go far to help the poor; but they should be in thousands, not in twos and threes, and they should be a Government business.

Large houses are doomed. The "stillroom" is a thing of the past. Great areas of large houses will be turned more and more into flats, and central administration will become more and more the fashion. In a few years co-operative homes will become the rule instead of the exception.

When the occupant of the flat goes from home, she does not require to leave a staff of personal servants in her absence—to say nothing of fires, light, and so on; and yet when she comes back, the management has had the place cleaned and made ready for her advent after a week, or a month, or a year. It sounds an expensive scheme; but it won't be. It will come cheaper in the end, especially when women architects plan the flats, or re-model the houses, according to womanly requirements.

For they will remember the box room, the cupboards necessary for glass, china, linen, clothes, and coal, labour-saving devices for washing up and drying, and not merely the wine cellar. Hoarding may be dirty; but space must always be found for treasures. Co-operative housekeeping will be cheaper and the order of the day. Just glance for a moment at a modern workman's dwelling. It contains dozens of families. There is one boiler-room as said; but every workman's wife does her own cooking, good, bad, or indifferent, and with few exceptions, wastes a large proportion of nourishment.

If there was one central workmen's kitchen, a good canteen, such as in the Y.M.C.A., the family would occasionally feed downstairs, or anyhow the housewife would fetch one, two, or three plates of freshly cooked, digestible, and properly cooked meat, for her family, once or twice a week. She could get good nutritious soup made from large bones with heads of celery, rice and dumpling. Such soup would be more sustaining for the husband and the bairns, and on her own little fire, or a gas ring, she could cook her kippers, eggs, or porridge between whiles.

In regard to these public or municipal kitchens, it must be explained to the poor that they are non-compulsory and non-charitable. They are an institution for the benefit of all, for the saving of food, fuel, and labour, the relief of the small overcrowded homes—the middle-class as well as the poorest homes. The mother, saved from kitchen drudgery, will be freer at once for maternal and household duties, and for the obtaining of needful relaxation. The father, thanks to an excellent home meal, will find less attraction in the public-house bar. The system of communal kitchens is nothing new to the rich. Large stores and catering establishments have

always sold cooked food and dainty *entrées*, which rich women have bought and taken home in cardboard boxes, just as poor women have bought fried fish and borne it forth in paper bags. And the rich have been able to order food for large dinner parties, balls or weddings from shop-kitchens. Public kitchens in every town quarter, rich or poor, would be an enormous saving to harassed housewives.

Having hammered away at the economy of co-operative cooking (as well as housing) in the London Press in May, 1917, one welcomed the first public kitchen some months later, and again in the New Year, 1918, the more elastic suggestion of National Kitchens in the London area and outside.

Lady Askwith did splendid work for municipal kitchens. She reduced the system of tickets to a fine art, and practically inaugurated the kitchens of London.

And as public kitchens now relieve the poor, public kitchens will soon relieve really burdened rich women. But that is not enough. Every village should have its public kitchen where the folks' jam, pickles, soups, puddings, and pies can be made.

The lady to-day has to do, or has to be able to show domestics, everything. She is unpaid and often unthanked, and generally home-bound.

Some people like homes to live in. Some people like homes to live out of; they prefer restaurant meals and tea-shops to their own dining-room and drawing-room, prefer evenings out, staring at strangers, to evenings in with a book, or a chat by their own fireside. One set lives in for choice, the other lives out for amusement.

But our home life must not be allowed to slip away from us. Home life is the backbone of the country. Show the home and one gauges its occupant. Home life

does not mean only living in houses, lodgings or a furnished flat; but in one's own single room or rooms, providing one's own goods and chattels, where every little article is associated with a little sentiment, and has a little pride of place attached.

We shall apparently live more publicly, because it is cheaper and better; but we shall always retire like rabbits to our own warrens, to our own armchairs and writing-tables, bookcases, beds and sofas—our own, all our very own. Oh, the joy of these three words, "our very own"! So we shall have the privacy so necessary to happiness, to individuality and to home life.

Where possible in a row of co-operative homes, a public laundry, a crêche, a library, a billiard-room can be added to the scheme.

Surely bachelors from twenty to forty should be taxed 25 per cent. on their incomes, and then there would be more married homes and less undesirable lives. To-day we penalize homes, wives and children; to our shame, underpay working women, and allow the bachelors to flaunt their untaxed irresponsible lives; whereas to tax the bachelor would really be an insurance for himself against the day when he marries, because those taxes would help to decrease the taxes of wives and families, so that, upon joining the married ranks, he would reap a like advantage.

Great rebuilding schemes will come with the end of the war. As we build up a better, cleaner society, we must build up better, cleaner homes. Our fighters appreciate their homes more than ever, after the horrors of war. Women, and women alone, can make these homes home-like.

Surely nursery schools should be organized under the new scheme of education.

Every good life radiates good, just as every bad one leaves an inky smirch. Every happy home produces happy men and women; but to-day every housewife in the land is sadly handicapped, and runs her home at the cost of unnecessary worry and strain.

Goodness always yields high interest; badness may thrive for a short time, but is always found out. And the same applies to the home.

Individual life is such a tiny span. It is nothing in the billions of years of this great universe, and yet every life born should leave the world better, not worse, for its transient passage, and every home should leave its stamp. The home is the cradle of the race.

They say war is the young man's life; but it is the old theorist's death.

* * * * *

"When are you going to be married?" asked a friend of a young couple.

"As soon as ever we can find a servant," replied the young man. And that is the position to-day, because the whole country is full of square pegs in round holes and overlapping and dislocation from lack of organization.

A servant, and a very common one at that, lately became engaged to an officer. Her mistress asked her if it made much difference to their relative positions in life.

"Difference? Oh no. I have to travel first class now, and go to another sort of RESTERRANT with my Hofficer, that's all."

As metal must be tried by fire, a nation is tried by war. Its very brutality refines. Brains are quickened in all forms of science—mathematics, engineering, medicine and surgery. Things unheard of in peace are

attained in war. A terrible crucible. War is an appalling price to pay, but it brings its reward.

Those beautiful young lives were lost from their homes that a great nation may live. Lost to us, to live again, to strengthen and encourage us to better things. A patched-up peace now would be the beginning of the fall of our Empire.

War is destruction, and yet war is reconstruction at a faster and better and firmer pace than in any times of peace.

War ennobled women and strengthened men, and as we build up our new civilization men and women will stand shoulder to shoulder more than ever before. The labour-saving appliances that have been found so beneficial in the factory must be extended in the home, and the home itself must be simplified by co-operation as far as possible, so that the housewife will cease to be the drudge of every one she serves, with no time for individual expansion.

Co-operative houses will do much to keep the temper, economize the purse, nurture the body, and bring more real comfort into our lives.

Co-operative homes will be imperative after the war.

The nation is gradually learning how to economize, and the first rudiments of thrift and co-operation have been born. Very difficult years are ahead of us, with the world's shortage of food, and a weakened tonnage to carry it; it is then that the people who made large sums during the war and saved nothing will feel the pinch.

How many men when discharged from service with a big cheque put it away for a nest egg? Ah—alas, how few! Most of them fritter it away in a few weeks, and wonder for years where it went to.

CHAPTER XII

THE HOUSEWIFE

Wanted, a million new homes—Housebuilding—Co-op. homes: another word—Servant and factory hand: which scores—No sinecure to be a wife—Designs for co-op. flats—Three stumbling-blocks—Buy in bulk—The "fears" that should go—The cardsharper's philosophy—Home life the nation's backbone.

NOTHING matters but the war.

No building of homes or ideals can go far till this war is over.

We must have a cleaner, better, less tyrannous condition to live in than Prussianism and Kaiserdom, so until we have overthrown both—which are really one and the same—we are stifled and handicapped.

But—and again it is a great big but—the war is plodding along, the Kaiser and his Militarists, who had not won a single battle on the Western Front for forty-five months, are riding to their doom; and once this is accomplished the world can start to rebuild the world, for which Serbia, Belgium, France, Britain, and Italy have been fighting at such dire cost.

Co-operative homes, already dealt with, are primarily for towns, and particularly streets or squares or blocks of buildings.

"How," ask people given to weird and wonderful questions, "are we to live co-operatively in the country?" The answer is that it would only be possible by a method

of dividing large country houses into sections and allotting each section to a separate family—a plan that would hardly answer, since three or four families, thus thrown together and dependent on one another, would almost certainly quarrel, largely through ingenuous, innocent-seeming gossip.

We want a million new houses, says the Press. We want a million new houses, says the Government. We want a million new houses, cry the populace. We demand an immediate decision as to the Government housing policy, says the Joint Committee on Labour Problems after the War.

The latter also states that the million new houses, involving five million additional rooms, should be completed within four years of the conclusion of peace, at an estimated cost of £250,000, and that, after the completion of the million, a further 100,000 dwellings will be needed every year. To avoid the danger of ugly cottages, the local authorities—to each of which its proper quota of building work must be assigned—should be furnished with model plans to be adapted to local conditions, and so forth.

In this connection Mr. Hayes-Fisher has already addressed himself to the local authorities; but he is of opinion that a complete solution of the housing problem will necessitate the co-operation both of private enterprise and public utility societies, for whose assistance it will be advisable for the State to take steps. The forms sent in by Mr. Fisher ask for information as to the number of houses, in the opinion of the local authority, required now and likely to be needed after the war, the particulars of any scheme prepared by the local authority for the provision of houses under the Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1890, and other pertinent matters.

Also another Committee has been formed, as stated in the following enlightened paragraph in *The Times* (August 1, 1917):—

WORKING-CLASS HOUSING.

The President of the Local Government Board appointed a committee to consider the question of building construction in connection with the provision of dwellings for the working classes in England and Wales, and to report on methods of securing economy and dispatch in the provision of such dwellings.

The committee consists of:—

Sir J. Tudor Walters, M.P. (chairman), Sir Charles Allom, Mr. F. Baines, Mr. James Boyton, M.P., Mr. W. Fairley, M.I.C.E., Mr. G. Marlow Reed, Mr. J. Walker Smith, A.M.I.C.E., Mr. J. Squires, Mr. Raymond Unwin, F.R.I.B.A., and Sir Aston Webb.

Mr. W. Leonard, of the Local Government Board, has been appointed Secretary of the Committee.

Behold! Women and children are the daily, hourly, occupants of the homes. The wives run them, cook, wash, do everything, in fact, therein; and yet this Committee of men has not one woman on its board, neither a wife nor a mother, a cook nor a nurse. The result will be again, as usual, houses built by men for women to inhabit.*

And in the same breath that men suggest a million more houses for women and babies, they also suggest that millions more babies should live in these man-built, man-designed, man-comfort homes.

Women must demand better homes, aided by women architects, and open spaces before the country demands more babies and soldiers.

* A women's committee was formed eight months later.

The thing is preposterous.

Think of the thousands of women's lives marred in town homes by the thraldom of the kitchen. And, to begin with, take as an example a well-to-do couple, a man and his wife, who have a small-roomed house of ten, twelve, or fourteen rooms and employ three servants.

The couple themselves use five rooms—two bedrooms and three sitting-rooms.

The three servants use two bedrooms, kitchen, pantry, and perhaps a sitting-room—total five.

The one or two spare rooms may or may not be occupied.

The husband has his breakfast, and is out till dinner-time. The wife perchance ditto. But not so the pre-war kitchen department. Hence the housekeeper has not only to think over and order breakfast for five, but a midday meal for the domestic region, with evening dinner for the husband and kitchen supper for the maids. Legs of mutton and sirloins of beef, under this *régime*, disappear with marvellous rapidity. Joints with three servants involved take wings, and the *chatelaine* spends as much time over her kitchen *menus* as her upstairs one, and even then rarely gives satisfaction below stairs.

If the couple want to go away for the week-end they must still provide those large meals below stairs. Three meals a day, and seven days a week, make twenty-one meals a week, often doubled if the kitchen and the dining-room are catered for separately—and the nursery to boot, in many cases, with its own separate fare. The nursery is always a trouble. Cooks hate nursery cooking, and other servants invariably object to children.

One afternoon and evening outing a week (perhaps two), with every alternate Sunday, and the domestic household at last ceases to be three. If every servant is

to be out five times a fortnight, and there are three servants, it is easy arithmetic to see that there are never three servants in the house on any one evening. Consequently the housekeeper, who pays for cook, parlourmaid, and housemaid, never can rely on having her full staff for her husband's dinner; while as to extra guests —well, they can't be entertained except as a favour from the parties in the basement.

Again, would not one suppose that the two who are in would cheerfully do the work of their comrade, expecting in turn similar assistance? Try it, and see what dinners you will get on the five nights a fortnight the modern cook goes out; or what sort of waiting at table when the parlourmaid sallies forth.

Such is the anxiety and trouble of the self-contained house to-day.

Co-operative homes—let us return to them now—do away with much private misery.

1. The husband and wife live in half the number of rooms, without areas and passages and coal-holes, or area-steps, and all the other hundreds of basement horrors in hundreds of personal houses.

2. By an exchange system of servants for outings they can count on as many as are required.

3. The housewife ceases to feed the kitchen, and the kitchen feeds her in return.

4. When the couple go away for a few days they leave nothing behind in the way of expense or anxiety, so they lead freer lives.

5. Expenses can be regulated by ordering meals, extravagantly or economically, cooking in the before-mentioned pantry-kitchen, or going out to a restaurant for a change.

6. The housekeeper-slave has time to herself, and

fifty housekeepers are spared individual shopping, and fifty fires; for the manager and steward order things in by the ton and at the most advantageous market value, and the central heating for every one is done in the boiler-house below.

7. And yet the co-operative home is not an hotel. Its occupants are real people in real homes, with the advantages of a club, a hotel, together with their very own personal gods and heirlooms and sentimental joys.

War taught women who have run households for years many things. First, the appalling waste and dishonesty that have gone on in their homes; secondly, how easy it is to cook or do the hundred odd jobs that used to cost so much, and that no one will starve who eats enough potatoes a day.

And it has taught that the workman must do away with his parlour; that the well-to-do man must do away with his spare room; both are lumber used for a few days a year, and yet have to be cleaned every week.

As to domestic service under present conditions, contrast it for a moment with factory work.

In the first, a woman receives, roughly, on an *average*, £25 a year. Her food and washing cost her mistress another 15*s.* or 16*s.* a week, with light and warmth. Total cost of the average servant 25*s.* a week, without adding rent, which, of course, is equal to another 5*s.* a week. In sum, 30*s.* a week, or from £78 to £100 a year.

Thirty shillings a week is what thousands of women receive in money or kind for their service. In return for that they do eight or nine hours' actual work, and get eight or nine hours of bed.

Now take the other side of the shield. The factory hand during the war has not averaged as high as 25*s.*,

and her hours have frequently been twelve-hour shifts by day or *twelve-hour shifts by night*, with another one, or perchance two, and sometimes three, hours' travelling. She has had to pay these fares, generally 2*s*. or 3*s*. a week, herself, as also for her food, washing, housing. Often her sleep hours have been under six, and every fourteen days those six have been during the unrestful daylight with its hubbub and noise. Therefore, month and month about the factory hand is nothing like as well off, and never as comfortably housed as a maid.

To sum up, the domestic servant has a better home, better food, better clothes, with less work and more wages in money and kind, than the factory girl. In most cases the domestic's home is luxurious indeed as compared with the lodgings or poor cottage inhabited by her industrial sister. If an upper servant, moreover, she not only lives in a comfortable *milieu* of her own, but is in daily contact with that of her mistress, sees the papers, and hears intellectual conversation. She breathes a refining atmosphere, has the handling of beautiful things; so that her work, if she takes any pride in it, has a reactive value of its own. To touch beauty in any shape is to receive subtly beneficial impressions. Look at the ordinary smart domestic servant, and look at her again five years after marriage, when she has become a regular drudge to her husband, her children, and her daily life.

Being thoroughly house-proud myself, loving chairs and tables and glass and china, silver descended from ancestors, and embroideries bought in far-away lands or received as gifts from dear friends, I feel that one's household gods are oneself. They exhale sentiment, and sentiment goes far to keep us straight in the world. We have got to live up to ideals. Home life is an idyll;

everything should be done to make it beautiful and its surroundings worthy. The home speaks.

Nevertheless, an over-domesticated woman always fails matrimonially. Her husband tires of her, and her children rarely respect her. A little domesticity goes a long way, for eternal darning and cooking weary any man and make a mere household drudge of a woman.

When a man's wife ceases to be his companion the man finds companionship elsewhere. When a woman's husband ceases to talk intellectually and comradely to her, she ceases to care for him.

But let a man remember always that no wife's position is a sinecure, no business or profession is more exhausting than the labour of a mother and head of the household, which co-operative homes can do so much to relieve.

How many men per cent. ever say an encouraging word to the housekeeper?

A husband will rail at his dinner, swear the soup is cold, the bird badly cooked, the savoury uneatable; but how often does he remember to say, "This fish is excellent, this cutlet is done to a turn; how pretty the flowers look, how well the silver is polished"?

Everything right is taken for granted. Everything wrong is seized upon as an excuse for a rebuke. And yet that selfsame complainant would not himself dare deliver to the cook the message with which he so glibly apostrophizes his wife. The wife it is who, after meekly absorbing the criticism, must take the risks of a frontal attack upon the autocrat below stairs.

Oh, ye men! Do learn to be a little more considerate, and do remember that, until men respect motherhood, women will shy at it. Men might easily be more comprehending, more helpful, less selfish in

their dealings with the mother to be. We all know men who make this phase in their wives' lives an excuse for an orgy, who take Saturday afternoons or week-ends or evenings off with a cheery "Look after yourself, my dear," and make no effort to do their bit of the looking after.

Think of the humble-class woman who has several children. She is handicapped all the way, and finally can't even find house or flat or home of any kind willing to take in herself and her brood.

Workmen's dwellings are not made for large families.

Professional homes are not suitable for large families.

Children are one of life's greatest joys (and handicaps) to the mother, and when war comes she is but too often robbed of her sons.

* * * * *

Most excellent plans for co-operative homes have been drawn out by one of our best known architects, who has kindly designed three sets of co-operative dwellings, which for ease we will call A, B, and C. These particularly apply to cities, and can be remodelled for existing streets of houses, until the time comes when money and labour are free for larger things.

Roughly speaking, Class—

A. Artisans' dwellings: flats from 7*s.* a week.

In this case the workman can procure a plate of meat or a jug of soup from the communal kitchen. Anything required can be eaten in the common room, or taken away to the flat.

B. Professional class homes: flats from £70 a year to £150.

The same applies to the professional class, with its public dining-room; or a meal can be served in the flat at a small extra charge.

C. More costly: flats from £150 to £600 a year.

Meals can either be served in the restaurant at ordinary first-class hotel prices, or served separately in the flats.

All of these consist of four, five, or six rooms. They have a central or communal kitchen to every sixty or hundred flats, and central heating, baths and washstands.

Co-operative homes, to be truly co-operative, should be supervised by a small elected committee of the flat owners. On the committee of one of the best run clubs in London sit both men and women, and the dining-room is made to pay, while the food is excellent.

Six months before the expiration of a lease the tenant should be officially asked if he wishes to renew it. Undesirable people should be rigorously excluded in desirable people's flatland, and the strictest inquiry made regarding would-be tenants. And, above all, the manager, steward, and housekeeper should be courteous and obliging and do their utmost to make the scheme a success.

Three things divide households—religion, immorality, and food. Indulgence in the second, over-indulgence in the first or third, must inevitably spell misery in the home.

We are all growing more selfishly independent, and yet the only way to live, cheaply and comfortably, is by co-operation.

If every one has a separate sitting-room and separate fire and separate evening paper, and buys everything separately, from bacon to boot blacking, the expenses multiply because of the small quantities, and those quantities dry up for want of quick use. Two small fires burn more coal than one big one, and the result is not so good.

Even in war days housewives living under one roof can co-operate. It is always cheaper to buy in bulk, and flat tenants or street tenants can co-operate, provided that ready money is paid down to the one who negotiates the transactions.

Of course, there will be difficulties unless every tenant is prepared to give-and-take for the benefit of himself and his neighbours.

Co-operative homes seem a bold stroke, but necessity should know no fear. Enterprise, daring, and the meeting of death with confidence are the outcome of war. Fear is a crime. To do anything successfully one must be fearless. Fear should be stifled from babyhood, smothered in childhood, and unknown in later life. Great rulers know no fear. War has taught men and women to be brave and court initiative. War has brought expansion of ideas, and war will ultimately bring more and more co operation.

Fear of consequences, fear of illness and pain, fear of action and responsibility, fear of age and fear of death should all pass away.

Let us hope that there will be as much fearlessness in the housing question under Mr. Hayes-Fisher as Mr. Fisher the Professor has just shown in his education scheme. It is heartening for any one who has seen the enormous advantage of better education in Germany, America, and Scotland, to know that this country is at last going to open extension schools, night schools, baby schools, physical drill and technical education along proper, well-thought-out lines, presided over by a higher class of teacher lured to, and secured in, the job by better pay. Education does much. Uneducated people never talk; they stare at or punch one another as forms of friendship or endearment. Watch them in the third-class

carriage of a railway train or on a bank holiday. There is no bright interchange of ideas. Silence takes the place of mental duelling or fine rapier thrusts of tongue. The lower-class man wants a "char" to run his home; the lower-class girl thinks marriage will bring her independence, and it brings her thraldom.

This War Government, with all its faults, has certainly wakened the country up to the importance of baby life, the education of children, their non-employment in industry up to the age of fourteen, and the housing of the people. Nor has the war itself failed to inculcate other lessons of supreme value. For this ghastly nightmare of world butchery, which has hit half the homes of Europe, is the outcome of dishonesty of purpose and crookedness in dealing. From the highest to the lowest we one and all need to learn to be more honest and more straightforward, not only to ourselves, but the world as a whole.

Let us abhor the class of mind that thinks it dishonourable not to pay a Bridge debt, but perfectly honourable to take goods from a tradesman and not pay his bill. The card-sharper's philosophy!

Home life is the backbone of a nation.

Every woman cannot marry. Every girl does not even want to marry; but every woman under such circumstances can work and take her place as a builder of the Empire, whether she does it in Great Britain or in the Greater Britain beyond the seas. Vast, well-organized emigration to the Colonies and Dominions *

* Miss Lane Pool, who thoroughly understands the question, emphasizes the importance of training boy and girl immigrants *in the land of their adoption*. There is a farm school in Western Australia containing thirty boys between ten and fifteen years old, all from different Unions in Great Britain.

must be the outcome of this awful war; but meantime we have got to finish it, and to finish it quickly before every able-bodied man is killed or maimed.

For 150 years we have had great colonies and dominions, and the war has bound them firmer than ever to the Motherland. They almost all contain more men than women. Young men have emigrated and joined the older settlers, now young women must emigrate and join the men. Those women must be thoroughly domesticated, thoroughly capable, all-round chair-women in fact, or only misery will await them. Great Britain is small; but its population of under 50 millions is big. Australia is large with a small population of 4 or 5 millions and Canada is much larger, with a population of 7 or 8 millions. Result, those lands are bare and crying for settlers. The right sort of settlers are wanted. Eugenically sound men and women prepared to rough it and work, prepared to have families and bring them up to work, and so build up the countries of their adoption.

The British Empire covers one quarter of the entire globe, yet how unequally our population is distributed! Since the war there has been no emigration from England. The men are fighting soldiers and the women, soldier women, are employed. Colonial life is very attractive to young men; but very hard on young women. Any one who expects a bed of roses will be disappointed, and find intense cold or intense heat.

Yes, mosquitoes and earthquakes too. Too much rain or too much drought, and no one knows what drought means till they have seen it for themselves, as the writer has in Canada, Kansas, Arizona, Mexico and the Argentine. Seen the ground strewn with skeletons, or stinking carcases of dead beasts. Seen every plant

and shrub burnt brown or locust-eaten; with not only vegetables unprocurable, but eggs and milk, and drinking-water almost non-existent. People are apt to forget these little tragedies that spell such frequent ruin when they talk of the Colonies. Only the strong of purpose, strong of will and strong in health can combat these things; but when they do combat them successfully the prize is worth having.

Again, the emigrant must needs face roughly timber-built houses, no society, unutterable loneliness, and in most cases hard toil. It is a healthy, free, animal existence, which may and often does yield gold to the couple who work for it; and people in the colonies turn their hands to jobs they would not touch at home, and so they succeed. But the colonists unprepared to work will fade away and die. No one will look after them, no one wants them.

CHAPTER XIII

AN ARSENAL WORKER

Midnight dinners—Silent London—A policeman friend—The lucky car—A small dog's welcome—A Woman D.S.O.

UTTERLY worn out, she slept. At the latter end of a fortnight's night shift at a munition factory she slept.

* * * * *

When she got up at four o'clock that afternoon—after her six hours' so-called "night's rest," she felt ill; *but* she had her bath, dressed, found she could not eat her five-o'clock dinner, yet she *must* catch the quarter to six train for Woolwich, as they were shorthanded, many overseers and forewomen being away owing to "flu." Gallantly struggling to do her duty to her country, after two years' arsenal work, this soldier-woman was back in her "shop" as usual by 7 p.m. It was a freezing night, the journey was dark in the cold third-class railway carriage filled with sixteen weary people, whose day's work was over just as hers was about to begin. The rain drizzled through the fog, and the whole world looked drear.

Worn out with the dark, the chilliness, yet stuffiness of the atmosphere of her "shop," the lack of food—by eleven o'clock our little munition worker was so utterly done up that she went to her head man and asked to be let off at the "half-night."

She was a steady and constant worker, always at her post like a sentinel at his box.

"Certainly," he said; "and if you run you can catch the 11.15 train."

She was quick. She caught the 11.15 train back to town, and sank into a corner of a thinly filled compartment.

Later, rousing herself, chilled to the bone, she realized she was in total darkness—deep, dark, foggy darkness—alone in a third-class railway carriage.

Where was she? Fearing to get out, knowing the danger of slipping on to the roadway and of passing engines, she opened the window, to find nothing but a blank wall before her. Opening the other window, she saw the glint of railway lines, and in the distance a little dim red light.

She called out. No one answered.

She called again.

The little red lamp paused, and shook.

She called a third time. And a voice replied.

Gradually the little lamp came nearer. At last it stood below the carriage door.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"Cannon Street," replied a gruff voice.

"How did I get here?"

"Don't know."

"Can I get a taxi?"

"Lor', no."

"Can I get a tube?"

"Lor', no."

"Can I get a bus?"

"Lor', no."

"Where *am* I?"

"On a siding at Cannon Street Station."

"How did I get here?"

"Don't know."

So out she came to the accompaniment of grunts from the kindly man, who condescended to light her along the rail track.

It was 12.30 a.m.

The station was all shut up. The last train had gone.

"Is there a waiting-room?" she asked.

"Shut up."

"Is there any hotel where I can go?"

"Shut up."

"What *am* I to do?"

"Walk."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Walk," he replied.

"But I live miles from here; I don't know the City, I live beyond Baker Street Station."

"I can't help that," he replied. "If you want to get there you must walk."

Finally, he escorted her to the door of the great station, and when she inquired the road, remarked, "Just walk west."

Thoroughly chilled, having been eighteen hours without food, feeling absolutely ill, she started on that terrible night of fog and drizzle to walk west.

The tears rolled down her cheeks, and a great lump in her throat nearly choked her, but she struggled on. The darkness seemed oppressive, the distance interminable.

At last she met two postmen. She explained her woes.

"Can I get a taxi?"

"Lor', no."

"Can I get a tube?"

"Lor', no."

"Can I get a bus?"

"Lor', no."

"Where am I?" she exclaimed.

"Bank of England, miss."

"What am I to do?" she reiterated.

"There is nothing to do at this hour of the night, miss, but walk," they smilingly replied.

They were polite but hopeless. On she trudged.

Joy of joys. Before her she saw a hansom cab—actually an old-fashioned, war-time resuscitated hansom cab. Up to the driver she went, and said sweetly, "I haven't very much money with me, only 3*s.* 6*d.*; but I can get more when I get home."

He refused to drive her. No persuasion availed. He flatly refused. So she trudged on again.

At last, in the dim light, she realized that the building opposite must be the Post Office. It was then 1.30 a.m.

The street was utterly deserted, as the City alone can be. That City—the greatest city in the world—which throbbed with bustling life during the working hours of day, was empty and lonely.

A policeman was standing at his beat.

Feeling ready to drop, with tears rolling down her face, she related her story of woe.

"You look ill, miss; I *am* sorry for you," he said. "You had better stand along o' me. Woolwich, did ye say?"

"Yes." She nodded.

She really found human consolation in the kindly words of the policeman, and supported herself against a large red letter-box. She felt content and less lonesome.

She does not know how long she stood there: but suddenly the gentleman-in-blue dived across the street, put out both his arms, and called "Halt!"

A motor-car had sprung from nowhere. He had barred its progress.

"Could you give this lady a lift?" he said. "She works at Woolwich, and is dead done."

"Certainly," replied the driver of the car—and the midnight driver happened to be a lady.

The car was full of Tommies, who made room for the weary munition worker, and the car proved to be one belonging to the Y.M.C.A. on its way to headquarters at Tottenham Court Road.

The comfort of the seat, the warmth of the welcome of the Tommies cheered her, and when she got to headquarters she stepped out, thanked them all, and prepared to walk two further miles to her flat.

"Oh!" said the chauffeuse. "I will gladly run you along there," and she did.

As they parted on the doorstep of the cosy flat that its owner had never seen even on Sundays except to sleep in, the war-worker thanked her warmly, and said—

"I always go to the factory every day with 5*s.* in my purse; that pays my fares and canteen, and although I am a forewoman I only earn 30*s.* a week, so I should be in a sorry plight but for my own income. Some of the girls under me, who do piecework, of course earn far more than I do. I have only 3*s.* 6*d.* left in my purse to-day from my railway fares. Would you take it and drop it in the Y.M.C.A. box for me? If it was fifty times that sum, it would hardly express my thanks for your kindly help to-night."

And the two women workers, the one a chauffeuse, the other a factory forewoman, shook hands beneath a

green painted, almost obliterated, street light at 2.30 a.m. on a bitter, sleety March morning, both high-born women—representative of others—who have left their comfortable homes to do their bit for the country's good.

The little munition worker crawled upstairs, unlocked her door. All was cold and still. She was not expected till 8.30, nearly six hours later, so no fire or breakfast awaited her.

The lick of a warm tongue and a gentle rub of a little black nose was the gleeful "How do you do?" of her dog. Comforted by his greeting, our little war-worker sank into bed. But she was up again that afternoon in time to catch that 5.45 train back to the factory for another twelve hours' night shift, with three hours' daily travelling.

And that gently reared woman did this for two years and a half to help send munitions to our men at the front.

Was she not a woman-soldier? And didn't that gentle-born lady deserve a D.S.O.?

But she didn't even get an O.B.E.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER THE WAR?

A world all women—British casualties: American delay—Shipwrecked Americans—A Prime Minister and Secretary—Women wage-earners—"Pocket-money workers"—Women's Industrial Council—Human nature mighty adaptable—A retrospect—1917 on all fronts—A woman's plea, and its repetition—Women Fighters—A Woman's Battalion—The great sacrifice—We must win and we will.

ONE shudders to think of the future with a large part of the world populated by women.

Women were made to mate with men, and men with women. It may take a whole generation to stamp out the surplus of women and begin to readjust society again. Europe will be handicapped for thirty years; aye, and English-speaking lands such as Canada, Australia, South Africa, Tasmania and New Zealand too. North America, better styled the United States, lost three men by Christmas, 1917, that is, after we had suffered more than three years of war. These three were buried in great state behind the French lines. And a few days later Hindenburg twitted the United States for not being able to get their men over, then or later. In time—may the time be speeded up—he will certainly see more of them than he wants. India, China, South America, Spain, Scandinavia, and Japan—and one might almost add the United States—will have all the commercial plums, for their male population has not been touched by 1918. 'Tis

a terrible handicap for others to be short of hefty men for the land, the factory, the university, and the shipyard.

And all this devastation has been brought about by one man. It is unthinkable. Yes, old women, middle-aged women, young women, babies: such will be the population of Europe after the war.*

Britons were laying down their lives in thousands for democracy. Every thinking person has known for fifty years that Great Britain was the greatest real democracy in the world. Great Britain proved the buffer between militarism and the United States. Nevertheless, America, once awake—and she slept and earned gold through well-nigh thirty months of strife—doughtily put her shoulder to the wheel, although the third year of the war had long passed before any appreciable difference was manifest in Europe, though there was splendid promise.

In the eleventh month after their entry (February, 1918) a small party of Americans were in some trenches in France; but the first real American casualties were on the high seas—at the same date—when the *Tuscania*, with 2401 souls on board (1917 of whom were Americans) was torpedoed without warning off the Irish coast. One hundred and sixty-six lost their lives, the rest were all saved by British destroyers and trawlers. America hereupon clenched her teeth and said, "Let's at 'em!" The casualties had struck home.

* On May 18, 1918, the press announced "that in ten more weeks Great Britain would have had four years of war. Her casualties to-day amount to 237 officers and 6630 rank and file, while the total American casualties in France in one year amount to:

Killed in action	715
Died of wounds	175
Died from diseases	1344
Wounded	3300
Missing	254
	5788"

The Briton always talks too little of what he is doing or has done: the American always talks too much. Both are grave faults, which this war may eradicate, thus bringing about a more equal balance of truth. America had the advantage of the onlooker in avoiding our mistakes, and improving upon our successes. But, now that she is fairly in the war, for God's sake let her hurry up. A few thousand troops, with promises, are not enough. We want the men *now*. They must speed up! The unexpected strain upon us, through the Russian collapse, is fearful. We will stand it—that is our British spirit—but we shall be left a nation of women, with every virile young man gone.

Where are the aeroplanes America talked about? Easter, 1918, and not one is here or in France, said Senator Lodge. Where are those trained pilots they wrote about? A few only have arrived. And verily we are in the throes of the death grapple.

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British men and women were mighty right-minded on the whole. Intoxicated by the tragedies of the war, they have sometimes gone astray; but they are all right in the bedrock. The bulk of them are superb. And the bulk counts. They have done stupendous things.

Once women adored a red coat, even if it did not match their frock; now they worship khaki and blue; but the poor blues are so much away that they are hardly in the running with the female sex.

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The Private Secretary of a Prime Minister once said, "I wish our public men had more time to read the papers and see what the public feels."

And yet to a woman's mind all that seems so easy. If a man is of sufficient value to the nation to be Prime

Minister, then surely he could have a couple of capable women for eyes. Each could have her own department to look after, and could cut out the extracts of value from British and foreign journals and paste them, with their origin, on sheets of paper early each day. They could begin at 5 a.m. if necessary, and have their *résumé* ready for breakfast, when they could run through the headlines, explain swiftly, and allow the Prime Minister to read through what he considered most vital for his actions and speeches during the day.

They could point out where one Cabinet Minister contradicts another, and women of brains in this suggested job would prove invaluable and save time and energy to their employer. If only this were done Cabinet Ministers would not contradict one another so often, or waste so much time in explanations.

* * * * *

Great Britain was always a manufacturing nation. It will be a hundred times more so after the war. And these very factories built by necessity to fight German soldiers will be utilized for trade to fight German commerce. Really that Kaiser was very foolish in some ways. We have built huge factories which after the war can be utilized for everything under the sun. Not only for Manchester cottons and Nottingham laces, Bradford woollens, Northampton boots, and Sheffield steel, but for cheap nick-nacks, cutlery, china, clothing, and all the other things we imported in millions from Germany. And what is more, these factories will employ our own people, who will, we hope, forget how to make T.N.T. and re-learn how to make lace curtains and eider-down quilts.

* * * * *

Manners show the man.

Step into any tube and see the hooligan youth of

fourteen—fifteen—sixteen sitting, while women with babies and bundles stand. Watch the youthful criminal lounging back while the wounded soldier balances himself on one leg. What happens? Up jumps an officer, or a lady, and the old women and the wounded Tommy are seated, while the out-of-hand, ill-mannered brutal lad—largely a war-product—sits tight.

Nice men will always be chivalrous to women. It is in their nature, God bless them. They know women are physically handicapped through life, and that only pluck overrides the obstacles of sex which haunt their lives. In brains there is no question of sex, and it is seldom noticed in physical endurance because women have such fortitude.

What is to become of all these women wage-earners after the war?

The question is so important that the Women's Industrial Council, under the presidency of Miss Clementina Black, held a conference thereupon in October, 1917.

The problem concerned the thousands of women and girls who, by peace-closing of so many Government Boards and Departments and Committees and Councils, must needs be thrown out of employment. Wholesale dismissals must spell chaos.

Happily these clerks and employées are not all of the necessitous classes. Thousands of well-to-do young women volunteered from patriotic motives. They were glad to earn some pocket-money, and may be re-absorbed into their homes without serious dislocation of the national life. Yet doubtless many, having tasted a more individual and independent existence, will be little content to settle down once more to the drawing-room, the golf-links, or the tennis-court. They will hunger for some

stronger pabulum than that afforded by the normal round of home and society. How is the case of these women —the residuum of the "pocket-money workers"—to be met?

There are differing views upon the question, seeing that there is a danger of the necessitous worker being ousted by the non-necessitous, who generally has the best education and most brains. The task of *post bellum* reconstruction will unquestionably demand the employment of whole armies of women; but by how much will the supply exceed the demand? No one can say as yet; but the whole matter will call for delicate and judicious handling.

But as to the most serious problem of all, that of the trained, deserving woman wage-earner pure and simple, there can be no question; and on this head the Council's Committee on the post-war employment of women clerks passed the following resolution—

"This conference feels that it is highly important that those women who follow clerical employment after the war should insist upon adequate salaries, and to this end decides to nominate a committee (with power to add to its number) to influence public opinion in this direction."

How vital the matter is may be judged from the fact that there are now ten million women wage-earners in the country out of a population of less than fifty millions. Now is the time for them to demand full recognition, equal pay with men, equal treatment all round. They will get none of these things—let it be said again with emphasis—until they have co-ordinated themselves in trade unions. The idea is hateful; but men, by their want of understanding and sympathy, and jealousy of the woman worker, have shown that women's

trade unions are a necessity, and the vote will avail nothing if women are to be shelved again.

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At the Aldwych Club (December 8), Mr. J. H. Thomas spoke some weighty words upon the after-war question.

"Eleven millions of our people," he said, "are engaged in war service, and when peace came manufacturers would have orders to cease making certain things on which they were now exclusively engaged, and would be faced with the possibility of having to discharge hundreds of thousands of men. In addition there would be millions of men who had passed through the hell of trench and battle and had become callous of death. If they were to take places in long queues waiting for jobs there would arise in their minds the question, 'Is this what we fought for?' and it might be that the feeling would come that it might be worth a scrap to alter such a state of things. Business men must realize that this was one of the intermediate problems to be faced.

"In the first place, every controlled establishment which to-day was making exclusively materials for war ought to be in a position, immediately orders were given to cease that manufacture, to direct itself to making useful things. The Government must ascertain the world shortage in all things, and give orders so that industries in the transition stage might be carried on. The end of the war would bring the question, what was to be the Army of the future? If efforts were made, as he was afraid they might be, to make conscription a national institution, the feeling would be created among the people that by their sacrifices to destroy German militarism they had assisted to perpetuate militarism in their own country.

"The working classes for a number of years before the war when agitating for old-age pensions, better housing, and other social reforms were told that to spend five or six

millions on such things would mean bankruptcy. Now it was found that we could spend eight millions a day in the destruction of humanity, apparently, without any trouble. It was said there was plenty of money in the country. Was it realized that there must be a day of reckoning, and that from the beginning of the war we had only met 30 per cent. of our expenditure? If the war ended to-morrow we would have to provide 300 millions interest on present commitments; on pensions another 50 millions; on a sinking fund on a basis of 30 years, another 50 millions. Adding the pre-war Budget of 200 millions, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the future would have to raise 600 millions a year at least. There was glib talk to-day about taxes on capital, and he recognized that it was a plausible thing to talk about, but it cut both ways, and anything that tended to check industrial development reacted on the working classes. Serious consideration, however, must be given to taxes on wealth, as distinct from capital. It had to be realized that, so far as workers were concerned, the pre-war standard would never be accepted again.

"Faced as we were with one of the most critical periods in our history, with the food problem more serious than people believed, with the industrial situation bristling with difficulties, let every one subordinate personal considerations to the general interests of the State. Let us realize that we must not prolong the war a moment longer than is necessary and do all we can to hasten the end, but only in such a way that will free the world and our children from having to suffer what we have endured. Let Capital realize its responsibilities to Labour and regard workers as something more than mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. Let Labour recognize that the only safe way to overcome difficulties on both sides was by coming together and working in harmony. Let us hope for the purifying effect of this ordeal of fire and for the taking to heart of an unforgettable lesson. He trusted that

they might be able to look on a peace based on the greatest of all ideals—the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

Let the Minister of Reconstruction start by putting all feeble-minded persons on farm lands, where there is no possibility of offspring. Mental deficiency unrestrained is one of the worst and most harmful problems in the world. And yet Health—that vital question—is under twelve different Boards.

Well, well, we fret and worry ourselves over this and the hundred and one other after-war problems; but, when all is said and done, as nations rose to combat a great catastrophe, so nations will sort themselves, readjust themselves, and finally settle themselves down all the better for shaking.

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The New Year, 1918, dawned upon a convulsed world. The previous year was notable for British successes on all the fronts, save the Macedonian, where two equally matched opposing armies were content to mark time, and by British triumphs in Mesopotamia and Palestine. Bagdad fell on March 11, the day after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, the abdication of the Czar following on the fifteenth. Three days later took place the great German retirement on the Western Front, by which Péronne and seventy-six villages fell into the Allied hands. On this front the year saw the great British victories of Arras, Vimy, Messines-Wytchaete, Passchendaele, and Cambrai; though the last-named was shorn of its full fruits by the great German counter-stroke—made possible by a great inrush of reinforcements from the idle Russian front. Nevertheless the second battle left us still in possession of eight miles of the "im-

pregnable" Hindenburg Line. In Palestine, by the first week in December, Allenby's army had fought its way from the Gaza-Beersheba position to Jaffa and Hebron, and thence almost to the western walls of Jerusalem. On the ninth of the month Jerusalem surrendered. With the expulsion of the last German force from East Africa, and last remaining fragment of the German Colonial Empire fell into British hands.

On the other fronts the year closed gloomily. By the conclusion of a treacherous Bolshevik truce between Russia and the Central Powers (December 7), fifteen fine Russian armies were lost to the Allies, thus leaving the Roumanian Army to be squeezed into peace terms. Furthermore the Russian surrender enabled the German-Austrians to throw an overpowering force upon the Isonzo front and force back the Italian armies to the Asiago-Piave line. Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona were threatened, and early in December a Franco-British force had hastily thrown itself into the hard-pressed Italian line of defence. Greece, meantime, happily rid of its traitor-king, was preparing, under its one great statesman, Venezelos, to add a newly equipped army to those of the Allies. Both Bulgaria and Turkey, it was rumoured, were straining heavily at the German leash.

Germany has always held the strong trump hand because she is one solid whole, governed by one brain, practically all speaking one language and really self-contained. We Allies are far apart, we all speak different languages, most of us are not self-contained, and all have more or less depended on British shipping.

Germany says she has sunk one quarter of the world's tonnage, and the world is short of food.

It is terrible to have an ever-burning desire to help the country, to be bursting with longing to do something for one's land. The following was printed in the *Yorkshire Post* and other papers on December 13, 1917, by the irrepressible author, and reprinted for her friends for Christmas, 1917. It caught on. Within a fortnight half a million copies were ordered from outside. And who ordered that half-million for distribution? All sorts and conditions. Factories, arsenals, colleges of music; clergymen, school-masters, district workers, political bodies; the Seamen's Hospital, Pension Committees and the public. The Government agreed to reprint as propaganda, and asked for two lines to be omitted.

"Yes—which lines?"

We will leave the reader to guess which! It was done.

Six weeks went by, nothing happened and—well it is a long story. Nothing happened, and the half-million readers were lost, as the writer's purse was empty after 20,000 prints and postings.

But, facing, is an exact replica of the little Plea.

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie.

DEAR FRIEND,—

May a mere woman make a few suggestions for food economy after twelve hundred and fifty days of war?

We have all got to eat something; but surely we can avoid the things we are most short of, and yet get along. In war it should be a case of just getting along, not of what one likes.

CLOTHES.—If we really mean to win, there are lots of things we can do. For instance, refuse to buy a single thing we can possibly do without, and one and all, men and women, vow never to buy any article of clothing for one whole year.* We have all got things we can wear and make do; and we women can take the best part of two dresses and make them up into one. It is the essence of good taste to be dressed out of the fashion and wear old clothes to-day, just as it is criminal to buy chiffons, which never ought to be made by hands that could be employed otherwise. A man should hand over a worn-out suit to the tailor when obliged to buy a new one, and that old one should be done up for some one else—a coat for a coat, boots for boots, a hat for a hat, all along the line.

BED.—Early to bed saves fire, light, and food. It is a known fact that people require less nourishment if they lengthen their *evening* hours of bed. They may not sleep; but the darkness and bodily relaxation build up the constitution.

WAGES.—Every time people ask for higher wages and get them, they put up the prices of everything against themselves and others. They make a false market.

WAR LOAN.—Can we not all set our teeth with the new year in far greater determination for self-sacrifice, and set out whole-heartedly to win through—economically as well as militarily—to Victory? Let all savings and tips and prizes go into War Loan, and every possible extra room in every possible house in the land be shut up for the duration of the war.

FIGHTING UNITS.—Every woman and child is a fighting unit to-day, and can do her bit to fight waste and secure lasting victory and world peace.

We are all apt to say "Nothing matters that I can do." This is wrong. Everything matters, and every action bears good or bad fruit.

PRESENTS.—No presents of any kind should be given, as they are nearly always things one can do without.

LIGHTS.—Let us save matches by using home-made paper spills, or a night-light on club and hotel tables.

And, cheaper still, any small tobacco or lozenge box of tin about 2 inches by 3 inches can be filled with cotton-wool, on which kerosene is poured. In the top of this tight-fitting box make a hole just big enough for a piece of ordinary

* Sir Robert Kindersley said a few weeks later that £300,000,000 was spent yearly on dress by women. Surely half, if not two-thirds, of this vast sum could be curtailed in war time.

string to come through, which forms a wick, while several inches of string remain embedded in the wool. One match to light this in the morning will enable endless lights to be taken from it by means of paper spills.

This little lighter will cost about 1*d.* a week, and only require to be refilled every few days. Blow out at night.

HAY BOXES.—Home-made hay boxes are most saving. A large wooden case stuffed with hay or straw, or shredded paper, makes a sort of "cosy" for keeping anything hot and saves firing.

Every ten human beings who conform to voluntary rations are saving the life of some man. Is it not worth it?

Roughly speaking, the following regarding food may be of help from a mere woman's point of view:—

BREAKFAST.—Porridge every other day, a large plateful and very hot, with milkless coffee, jam, and bread. The other days sprats or herrings, well smeared with oatmeal and fried without grease. Kedgerie of fish, egg, sausage, kippers, or any little scraps is palatable with a flavouring, and the rice helps out the rest with chip potatoes (a lot to save the bread). One dried haddock that would do for two people will satisfy three or four in kedgerie. Potatoes should be served at every meal. Tea made with *half* a teaspoonful of tea for each person, and allowed to infuse for five minutes before using. Margarine (or butter) and toast. Few people know how to cook rice, and yet it is so simple. Boil water *thoroughly*, add a pinch of salt, drop in the rice gently and separated. Boil hard for twenty minutes. Strain off the water (keep it for soup or starch), and steam the rice dry for another ten minutes and serve hot. If you fail to get it dry the first time try again.

DINNER.—Every one ought, when possible, to dine in the middle of the day, on meat or fish and pudding. Now very little meat is required if there are sufficient potatoes (boiled in their skins, of course, fried, mashed, in salad, sliced and stewed with onions, or baked), and something like rice, butter-beans, onions, or macaroni is served. Puddings are a difficulty with the scarcity of sugar, milk, currants, eggs (use substitutes when procurable), or margarine. Still these things can be made sparingly, and with suet, dripping, and especially bottled fruit, puddings can be managed.

AFTERNOON TEA.—There is no reason whatever why people should not have their tea, if made with half a teaspoonful per person. Many people find cocoa more sustaining if they take nothing solid at the tea hour. Potato cakes are excellent fare if food is required.

POTATO CAKE RECIPE.

Two-thirds cold boiled potatoes and quarter flour; add milk to damp it. Pinch of cream of tartar and salt. Roll out thin and toast on both sides—sort of grilled—for five to ten minutes till brown. Slow oven. Split and butter, and serve very hot.

SUPPER.—Dinners must be taboo. All the water from the vegetables, the rice and bean water, etc., boiled up with bones makes excellent soup; and if thickened (really thickened) with potatoes, semolina, barley, or lentils, is full of nourishment. A large plateful flavoured

each day differently with some sauce is quite a meal. Cheese to follow, with lettuce, celery, beetroot, or potato in some form, finishes a sufficient, and yet not elaborate or out-of-bound, supper; or macaroni cheese for a change, or cauliflower cheese. Salads can be made of anything—carrot, pickled red cabbage, white beans, with sliced dates, an apple, a walnut pickle, a slice of orange, banana, macaroni, tomato, nuts, in fact anything makes a salad, singly or mixed.

PORRIDGE.—Now to get more practical, let us come to quantities—3 oz. of oatmeal in a pint of water with a pinch of salt boiled gently for an hour make porridge for two people. It is better made the day before, as it keeps, and so saves firing.

MEAT.—Meat should all be taken off the bones. Bones and fat are merely wasted when served on plates. If taken off before cooking, the bones go inside the soup, and the fat is kept for cooking. All meat should be cooked in a casserole pot with onions or other vegetables, rice or other grain, because nothing whatever is wasted in a fireproof china pot, and it comes to table in the same pot piping hot from the fire. Hot pot, Irish stew, and curry all eke out meat portions because they have etceteras, and the etceteras these days should be more than the actual thing.

Again, corned beef goes much further than fresh beef, and for economy all beef should be salted. When nearing the end of the joint, it makes excellent curry or cottage pie.

The main factors for cooks—and we all are that nowadays—to remember are to economize in bread, butter, bacon, meat, and tea, and to use largely coffee and cocoa, all kinds of vegetables, and especially potatoes, at every meal if possible. Leave lemons, eggs, and oranges for the sick. Parsley dried in the oven makes a pretty decoration, and chutney flavours anything.

If you've got a window-box, plant mustard and cress; if you've got a few square yards of garden, plant potatoes and cabbages.

Instead of complaining about over-use of bread, why not make it half potato and be done with it?

It has been a long fight. It is now a tough fight, and one in which the people at home can take an even greater share.

WOMEN.—Every household can do its bit in saving—in food, clothes, drink, tobacco, and cash, aye, even in bits of paper and string. We mere women can do the most, for do not we run homes and bring up children? Let us women band together to do even more to wage economical war in the new year. We have done wonders already, both at home and in the factory. Let us do more to save in the kitchens, the cellars, and the wardrobes.

Yours faithfully,
E. Alec-Tweedie.

On January 26, 1918—just six weeks after the Press articles—a certain manifesto was published appealing to well-to-do women to practise and teach economy. It was signed by many wives of prominent officials, and ran as follows:—

TO OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYWOMEN.

"We realize that women and girls in every class are eager to do all they can to support the fighting forces. The year 1918 will probably be decisive in the history of the War, and we venture to call upon women to lead the way in a sphere of national service which is of the first importance, the practice and teaching of personal economy.

"Thousands are rendering this service already, but there are still far too many men and women alike whose thoughtless spending is weakening the cause of the Allies.

"The facts are obvious. Needless expenditure on articles requiring labour and material at a time when both are scarce and all that can be spared are wanted for our fighting men, is to sacrifice their lives in blind ingratitude.

"We earnestly appeal to well-to-do women to lead the way. The example of many is counteracted by the ostentatious display of a minority. This is especially true with regard to dress. Changes of fashion imply serious waste of labour and material. We beg all women to deny themselves for the sake of victory and to support loyally all restrictions which the Government may impose for this end.

"The money saved should be lent to the State.

"The matter is urgent, and we have written in the belief that the women and girls of Great Britain can and will abstain from all unnecessary personal expenditure, and will set aside the money thus saved, and invest it, week by week, in National War Bonds or War Saving Certificates in grateful memory of the men who have laid down their lives in the War, and to show their sympathy with those who are now fighting and in order that every material help may be sent to the men at the Front."

* * * * *

When the war is over, let us all turn our faces against grumbling. As our men in the trenches, and our women in the factories fought against Prussian military cruelty,

let us then turn to build up a new and better and cleaner nation. Hard times must come to some of us, just as good times came to so many during the war itself; but let us expend all the energy we might waste in grumbling in seeing how quickly we can get our great Imperial Empire on a pair of strong legs again, and use our hands and our brains to develop it in every way possible—that is the cream that will rise from the surface of war.

Among a few war items women have learnt that the sailor and soldier spirit is wonderful. Their capacity to endure hardships without grumbling amazing. Individual acts of bravery staggering, and collective masses of valour great. But we have learnt the want of view, the want of grasp, the want of co-operation and imaginative insight. We have learnt what a lot men have really got to learn.

On the other hand, men have learnt to respect woman's brain and organization. To admire her grit and character, and to lean on her, whether in sickness or in health, as the marriage lines say. And the end of it will be a greater comradeship and understanding than there has ever been before, and when petty jealousies are all swept aside, a finer, more workable Government.

The writer, who dared suggest the following in newspapers and magazines, has seen them materialize in public hands:—

	Suggestions.		Materialized.
1.	Autumn, 1913. Women chauffeuses and women police.	1.	Both soon after war began.
2.	August, 1914 (before war). Title of "Dame" being made an honour for women.	2.	June, 1917, institution of *Order of the British Empire* with title of "Dame."

3.	Sept., 1914 (after war).	To get together a *Women's Army*.	3. Women's Dept. of National Service started at St. Ermin's, Feb., 1917. In five weeks 15,000 had applied for this service. 10,000 W.A.A.C. called for Sept., 1917.
4.	Jan., 1916.	Great Air Service expansion, and offered £1000 prize, in memory of a son, "as the war would be settled in the air."	4. Christmas, 1917, first German town bombed.
5.	March, 1915.	To form classes and inaugurate women as *Munition Workers*.	5. Sept., 1915, first ten women went to Woolwich to learn to be forewomen. October, 1916, Government call for women to train as munitioners.
6.	March, 1915.	*Co-operative Homes. Public Kitchens.*	6. By Jan., 1918, there were some dozens of Public Kitchens.
7.	May, 1916.	Explained in letter to *The Times* what France was doing to acknowledge soldiers' service in trenches, by chevrons and marks for wounds.	7. Nov., 1917, "1914 Star" announced for all who served from landing to Battle of Ypres, Nov., 1914. Ribbon distributed, Jan., 1918, with star to follow. Chevrons Easter, 1917.
8.	June, 1916.	Women authors to visit the back of the line, and write accounts for women at home.	8. Autumn, 1917, first party of women journalists went to France.

9.	Dec., 1916.	*An Air Minister.*	9. Jan., 1917, Lord Cowdray apptd. Chairman of Air Board. Air Minister apptd. Dec., 1917.
10.	Jan., 1917.	*Martial Law.*	10. Jan., 1918, Martial Law in a mild way as regards certain articles of food.
11.	Dec. 13, 1917.	A Woman's Plea especially to women.	11. Jan., 1918, six weeks later, an appeal along the same lines appeared in the Press, signed by wives of several officials.

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Now let the silly, go-ahead, imaginative pen-woman further suggest, March, 1918:—

Conscription of Women from 16 *to* 60.—Every boy and girl up to eighteen properly drilled as Scout-Guides, the same to continue as part of school education, after the war, for their health's sake. Women of 60, as a rule, do better brain work than girls of 16, and in many cases also bodily work; but to get it women over 60 must lie and say they are 35, or whatever the silly age limit is, in that particular department.

Drink Abolition for the War.—Open cafés everywhere instead, with music, and encourage family parties.

Martial Law for every one and everything. Soldiers not politicians should run a land war and sailors reign supreme upon the sea.

Food Control, that is real control, and any one allowed to store £2 of goods per head, which really means thriftiness and foresight. One month's stock to be advised, to save queues. No wonder there were queues. No wonder there was shortage of goods and labour, and grumbling.

Every wise woman has had her store cupboard, however humble she might be—and a 40*s.* limit per head would have helped the country. It would have saved a woman from going back and back for 2 oz. of tea, because she would have got a pound—ditto with sugar and margarine. She would have had lentils, dried peas, etc., on her shelves, and when meat was short she would (or could if her education had taught her as it should have done for half a century) have gone home and cooked some of these things. It would have saved weighing endless ounces and tying up with paper and string, saved wages, time and temper.

Prison for food *profiteers*.

Prison for hotel *profiteers*.

Communal Kitchens at once in every district, in every town for rich and poor. Communal kitchens in thousands.

Mixed Clubs for men and women everywhere (the first Y.M.C.A. one was opened, through the writer, at Waterloo Station, in 1915); Ciro followed. More should follow.

War profit over 10 per cent. returned to the State.

**Rebuilding* schemes to be thought out for co-operative housing, with every possible work-saving appliance.

**School education* till 16, and compulsory night schools till 18.

*Every boy to go through a *technical* course with good *prizes*, and every girl a *domestic* one also with prizes.

**Domestic Economy* schools everywhere with good prizes.

**Apprenticeships* should be compulsory (and paid while learning), and skilled labour encouraged and paid by

* Those marked with an asterisk apply particularly to after the war.

industrial results, and rewarded with prizes. The incompetence of many of the British workmen who went about in couples before the war was notorious. Two men to put a washer on one small water-tap. One looked on; but both had to come, and go, and both were paid for this wasted time.

**Thrift* and *morality* taught as part of the school curriculum.

*Men never to return to shop counters again, or be shop-walkers, or do any other such "lady-like" jobs.

*A *Public Health* Minister, for choice a woman.

**Endow science*, and utilize its results.

**Encourage Chemistry*, and pay it properly.

**Study Eugenics* more universally.

Women clock winders, window cleaners (except high homes), telephone girls, ticket-office sellers, bus-conductresses, and motor drivers must remain. They are all jobs within women's sphere.

As the Government (that is to say, the taxpayers) have done everything to help soldiers and their wives and families, and nothing for officers—as landed properties are practically ruined—it is about time the Government helped the *poor gentry* for a change, as, up to now, they have persistently helped the working classes.

Overall Uniforms, in all offices, and food canteens.

Rest Rooms, whenever possible for the staff in the building in which they work.

More *Sunday concerts* and amusements, especially out of doors. *Music* everywhere possible, and every third song to be one in which the public should join. War has taught people to appreciate music and sing themselves.

Welfare Centres and *baby crêches*, better care of mothers and children, the mother the most sacred asset of the country.

Women on every committee and council in equal members with men.

Every trade and profession to be open to women, and *equal pay* for equal work with men.

Divorce Laws made easier and cheaper, and equal for the sexes.

Women as Members of Parliament, the *Church*, the *Bar*, etc., if they have talents and inclination. We women obey the laws, by all means let us help to make them. Employ women from jury to judge.

Women to be given *honours equal to men*, and for them to be hereditary as in the case of men, and the mother's title to descend through the female line.

Women Soldiers if it becomes necessary for finishing the war to turn our present soldier-women into fighters, then *fighting women* by all means.

And the "elderly scribe" who penned these lines is ready to form the first WOMEN'S FIGHTING BATTALION. Women will combine, if necessity arises, to help the glorious men at the front, and shame the slackers at home by entering the field of fighters themselves.

Women and Soldiers is the title of this rambling little book. Can any one deny that women, by substitution, have become soldiers in a well-nigh four-year war conflict?

They have never flinched.

Women are patriotic to the core.

Women are home and children lovers, and will do anything to protect both.

Women have overworked on every side, and have felt the physical strain and mental anxiety for those they loved.

Women mean to win. They mean our splendid Democracy, the greatest Democracy in the world, so ably headed by our King and Queen, to stand.

Women mean militarism and Prussianism to be stamped out.

Women mean this war, whatever the cost, to be the last war.

Sacrifice—what is sacrifice? Nothing really except in the case of human life. The only sacrifice worth the word is the one and only great sacrifice—that of a *young* life willingly laid at its country's feet.

A little bird—in the shape of a secretary—whispers that nearly a quarter of the writer's income has gone in charity of some kind; and one's own feeling declares that half one's waking hours of brain and body have been given in some way or other to help the war; and yet it all means so little. It means but a tiny unit of help which, gathered up with all the other and greater units of help, goes to make a whole sufficiently large to win the war for Democracy against a cruel Autocracy.

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And after the war? What then?

Well, women have been allowed to show the world what is in them. They have done everything but fight, and they are ready to do that, too, if the country wants them. After the war they, like the men, will go back each to her particular niche—with a difference. They have learnt to trust themselves, have learnt sex-comradeship and patriotism, and have got the vote.

Girls chafed at the bit, they resented the home they were brought up in, they longed for independence, and with war they got it. Many left home for the first time, and strange as it may seem are counting the hours to get back there again, and curl themselves up by the family hearth like the domestic cat. Women were never greater home-lovers than they are to-day, as after the war will prove.

We mothers of England, mothers of the Empire, will

never see the land of our forbears trampled underfoot. We will fight if necessary. Shed our blood if necessary, just as our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons have shed theirs. Nothing has kept us back but convention, and even that convention must go should necessity call.

Europe is now a Temple of Sorrow built upon foundations of spiritual agony.

National work will not end with the war. That end will be the dawn of a new era, a breaking with old conventionalities, the awakening of a new industrialism, the rebuilding of homes, the remodelling of nations. There will be much to do after the war to bring renewed health, happiness, industry, learning to all our battered countries, and evolve a cleaner, better civilization.

Fighting-men and Soldier-women will each and all have their niche in reconstruction.

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N.B.—Easter Sunday, 1918, and ten days of bloody battle behind us: ten days of battering, and our lines not pierced.

The greatest battle in the world's history was being waged 150 miles from London and 50 from Paris. The Germans were again fighting for Paris and the Channel ports, as they did in August, 1914; but they were now faced by a great Anglo-French army, and Rome fixed the German casualties at half a million.

The great deeds of Mons, The Marne, Ypres, and Verdun were as nothing to the titanic struggle of the last ten days. The British line has been bent back; but—with half the entire German army facing it—has remained unbroken.